THE EDINBURGH MAGAZINE, OR LITERARY MISCELLANY,

For AUGUST 1785.

[*With a* VIEW *of* DUNFERMLINE, a *View of* PIERCY'S CROSS, *and a* NEW SONG.

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Days	Ther.	Barom. Inch.	Rain Inch.	Weather.	Thermom[illegible] at Noon, t[illegible] at Hig[illegible] near L[illegible]ndon. July
					27 —
					28 71
					29 64
30	—		0.2	Cloudy, ſmall ſhow.	72
31	59	29.92875	1.07	Rain. - -	77
1	60	30.	0.23	Clear. - -	76
2	61	30.0575	———	Ditto. - -	68
3	55	30.	———	Ditto. - -	59
4	55	29.7625	0.04	Ditto, ſmall ſhower. -	70
5	63	29.765	0.08	Ditto, ditto. -	66
6	67	29.84	0.0525	Ditto, ditto. -	70
7	63	29.9	———	Ditto. - -	72
8	67	29.6125	0.12	Rain. - -	71
9	64	29.7625	———	Clear. - -	65
10	65	29.925	———	Ditto. - -	67
11	64	29.88	0.02	Cloudy, ditto. -	69
12	63	29.8	0.0175	Clear. - -	67
13	65	29.3475	0.72	Rain. - -	59
14	59	29.71	0.1	Ditto. - -	64
15	63	29.93625	0.005	Clear. - -	66
16	62	29.74741	0.25	Ditto. - -	64
17	54	29.73625	0.05	Cloudy, ditto. -	55
18	67	30.00325	———	Clear, ditto. -	65
19	64	29.92125	{ 0.1 }	Ditto, ditto. -	65
20	56	29.92125		Ditto, ditto. -	65
21	65	30.	———	Ditto. - -	61
22	65	30.0025	———	Ditto. - -	63
23	63	30.0036	———	Ditto. - -	55
24	56	29.93375	0.0425	Ditto, ditto. -	54
25	61	29.8475	0.02	Ditto, ditto. -	62
26	60	30.	———	Ditto.	
27	65	30.0175	———	Ditto.	
28	61	30.21625	———	Ditto.	
29	65	30.00875	0.12	Cloudy, ditto.	
30	66	29.7225	———		

27 — 40 loweſt ſtate before ſun-riſe.

— 61⅔ mean ſtate of Auguſt.

6, 8, 18 } 67 higheſt ſtate two o'Clock, P.M.

Dialogue betwixt a Faquir *and a* Vestal Virgin. *Translated from* Mon Bonet de Nuit: *A work just published by* M. Mercier.

Faquir. WHAT has it availed me, that for 40 years I have driven nails into my flesh; that I have slept standing; that, suspended by a cord, I have balanced myself upon the flames; that I have fixed my eyes upon the tip of my nose, even till it began to be enlightened? I thought to ascend straight to the paradise of the holy prophet, and there to clasp in my arms the blue-eyed *Houris*. How have I been deceived? I have no wife to solace me; I am nothing now but a poor wandering shadow, that every wind drives to and fro; and I have not even those desires which I curbed in order the better to enjoy the pleasures of paradise.

Vestal. It well becomes you indeed to complain! Were you, like me, buried alive? You were at least dead before your grave was dug for you.

Faquir. What! were you buried while in a swoon?

Vestal. No: a senate, who styled themselves the legislators of the world, and a people who had triumphed over it by their arms, condemned me to this punishment.

Faquir. You must then have been guilty of treason against the state?

Vestal. No.

Faquir. What then had you done?

Vestal. What had I done? Ah!

Faquir. You hesitate?

Vestal. There are certain things the relation of which always costs us much.

Faquir. Why? what we have done in our bodies above concerns us nothing here below; it is a kind of veil which we have laid aside, and which has now become foreign to us. Let us honestly confess our past follies. I myself, during the whole course of my life, was a silly wretch, macerating, whipping, and cutting in pieces my poor miserable body which could not help it.——You do not appear to have done so much. Come, do not blush, tell me every thing. Of what concern to us are the little stains of a garment which we no longer wear?

Vestal, (*heaving a sigh.*) Do you know Rome?

Faquir. No.

Vestal. How!—Yet it conquered the whole world.

Faquir. The whole world! You must admit some exceptions: I declare I never heard a word of this Rome. But what has it to do with your extraordinary burial?

Vestal. I was born in that city, the mistress of the universe. You must know that it placed its security in the preservation of certain shields which fell from heaven, and in keeping alive a fire which likewise descended from abve—

Faquir. This was a singular superstition indeed for a people whom you represent as governing the world by its arms and its laws!

Vestal. What you'll think more extraordinary, however, the preservation of this sacred fire, deposited in a temple, was intrusted to young girls. I was one of those that were chosen to watch over this celestial flame; and as the empire was thought to be in danger if it happened to be extinguished, the law punished our negligence with death. We were, moreover, ordained to continue virgins, under pain of being every one of us buried alive.

Faquir. Ah! I perceive now, Madam, very clearly, why you descended to the tomb before you died. But I regard with astonishment this victorious

torious people who allowed their lofty destiny to depend on the frail tie of virginity

Vestal. Nothing was neglected to make us forget this sacrifice. Rank, dignities, honours, riches, every thing was bestowed upon us. We had the first places at the public shows We were preceded by the rods and the axes, the emblems of the first dignity; and those of the consul himself were lowered in our presence. If a criminal led to execution met one of us, it secured him his pardon, and prevented his punishment.

Faquir. These were great privileges indeed But in the midst of these honours, and this universal respect, you did not yet believe yourselves recompensed?

Vestal. In spite of the dreadful law, and of the most cruel death which attended the breach of it, I became——guilty of sacrilege.

Faquir. The violation of your oath must have been owing to some very powerful motive.

Vestal. The guards, the executioners, the desolation of Rome, of my family, of the priests, the vengeance of gods and men, all vanished before the empassioned tears of my lover.——He too risked as much as I did.

Faquir. Ah! I have nothing more to say——

Vestal. When I took the vow of chastity tranquillity reigned in my bosom, and the innocence in which I had lived prevented me from seeing the full extent of the sacrifice I was going to make. But in solitude, the veil of infancy was quickly torn asunder; I felt an insupportable void; my imagination penetrated beyond the walls of the temple in search of an object which it took pleasure to adorn with every perfection. My duties appeared to me austere: Fatigued with the homage of my country, I longed for the obscure liberty of the meanest citizen. I now perceived nothing in that everlasting fire placed upon the altar of Vesta, but an emblem of that restless passion which raged in my bosom.

Faquir. You were at least more enlightened than I was. Originally the dupe of all these extravagancies of which I became the victim, I was the martyr of sincerity; a rare example! But tell me of your lover—the name of this man who forced you to commit sacrilege—I am interested in him.

Vestal His name was *Valerius*: the first time I saw him was one day in the temple. He viewed me with attention; a flame seemed to dart into my heart; I stole a glance at him, and a new light seemed to arise within me: I was clothed as if with a new being. All nature appeared embellished to me; I already felt a foretaste of happiness. Ever after that, when I suspected my lover was in the temple, I was at pains to walk with more grace and stateliness; concealed in the crowd, he contemplated me; frequent shouts of acclamation were raised around me upon the festivals, while the profane multitude were ignorant for whose eye I chose to display the dignity of my gait, and add to the pomp of that worship of which my lover was the secret object. But as soon as the crowd was dispersed, and the temple shut, every thing around me assumed the aspect of wo: my mind could only feel the sentiments of melancholy and the tumults of despair: the solitary walls were witnesses of my stifled cries. I love, said I to myself; and Valerius, in the heart of Rome, surrounded with easy and alluring beauties, will scorn a triumph which must cost him much; he will not have the courage to hazard death for me: the charms of all the ladies of Rome are open to him; they contend for him, they engage him, each in their turns. Must I then be

be ignorant whether he loves me; and am I condemned to live in this cruel uncertainty?

Faquir. Your lover, perhaps, said as much on his side.

Vestal. He had perceived my sentiments, and from that moment he was worthy of me. On the first day of the next festival he came to the temple; my companions and I, ranged in order, and bearing in our hands the sacred vessels, walked with slow steps round the inclosure of the sanctuary; a slight veil half revealed our charms. Valerius had placed himself amongst the foremost of the crowd: when I arrived at the place where he stood, I gave him a look half concealed under my veil; he answered me by laying his hand on his heart; and at that moment I perceived his eyes sparkle like the lightning, and moistened at the same time with tears; mine became covered with darkness. Fainting, I grasped the vessel which had almost fallen from my hands; but joy and hope soon filled my heart: elated and satisfied I advanced with a firmer step even to the altar, and I had now no doubt of his daring to do every thing.

Faquir. You interest me much, priestess. I who never wished to speak of love while alive, listen now with pleasure to your description of it after my death. I feel something engaging in it: come, relate the conclusion of your story.

Vestal. The next night it was my turn to watch in the temple, to pass the whole night near the sacred fire in order to keep it alive; its solitary and trembling flame was the only light in the spacious dome: when the flame grew pale, the vaults appearing still more awful, inspired me with religious terror; but in this dreadful solitude the image of my lover seemed to wander and multiply itself around me. I spread forth my hands to heaven, uttering some inarticulate cries, not daring to offer up to it my culpable vows; and by a contrary sentiment, embracing the statue of Vesta, I exclaimed, O goddess! if I offend you, cause the ice of this marble which I press to pass into my veins. I burn, and am dedicated to another god. Of what avail can it be to thee that the sacred fire should be constantly fed by the hands of a virgin? Why should my homage become less pure by sharing my heart betwixt thy worship and my love?——In pronouncing these words, I heard a noise in the vaults of the temple: I turned round; and from an opening in the roof I perceived a man ready to throw himself from the height which separated us. I endeavour to cry, but am unable to speak; he glides along a cord, but falls with all the weight of his body upon his knees. I shuddered all over; I thought he had defiled the pavement of the temple with his blood. I run to him, raise him up.—It was Valerius—he cannot speak. For some time he leaned his head and hands upon a pillar: my heart was torn in pieces; but soon recovering himself, we wander, our hands locked together, through the vast windings of this solitude: our words, our lips, our hearts are mingled; the transports and delirium of love drive from my mind the idea both of the place in which I am, and of the deposit intrusted to me. Abandoning myself to new transports, lost in mutual delight, the hours fly away; the future and the past both equally vanish. Valerius is the god of the temple; and occupied only with him, I do not perceive that darkness begins to surround me, that it increases, that it is about to envelope the whole temple: the uncertain flame emits its last gleam; I perceive the danger, I tear myself from the arms of my lover, I run; the flame is pale, it glimmers, it seems for a moment to rekindle; but the feeble blaze expires

pires just as I reach the altar. A thin smoke which exhales announces my punishment and dreadful death. I conceal my trouble. Valerius follows me instantly; he seizes my hand already cold and icy, he supports me fainting. I implore Vesta, I implore love—Valerius with a strong breath recals the extinguished flame. Ye gods! he was then no longer criminal, since all at once I beheld the sacred fire rekindle, blaze, and revive from its embers.

Faquir. How grateful must you have been to Vesta!

Vestal. How grateful was I to love! Valerius appeared more adorable in my eyes; the danger which I had run rendered him still dearer to me: I pressed him in my arms; and tears of gratitude, for the first time, equalled those of love.

Faquir. You were not ungrateful, as far as I can see.

Vestal. Alas! in the midst of these testimonies of the most vehement affection, my pleasures were changed; I felt already the horrors of separation. Day was about to break; and I had need of a supernatural resolution to drive him from the temple. The seventh day renewed my functions as priestess——

Faquir. Which were become dear to you?——

Vestal. I appointed the same place, the same hour; he was sure of the same love. How would I have wished to have been able to annihilate the interval which placed these slow and cruel hours between moments so short and delicious!

Faquir. You made me tremble at the moment of danger, when the flame was just expiring; how could you dare to expose yourself again to the same danger only seven days afterwards?

Vestal. Ah, Faquir! you never have loved, I see it plainly; you never have beheld the Houris but in the reveries of fancy. Learn then what you never conceived; learn that desire, youth, novelty, could seduce me, could engage me to the first step; but love made the second: love had assumed in my mind a character of impatience and fury to which I abandoned myself. I was proud of loving: a sentiment so new rendered all the objects which had any connection with my happiness full themselves of that flame with which I was penetrated. I invoked the seventh day; I looked at the sun, accusing its slowness; I could have wished to hurry him to his setting, and to make him accomplish in one day the revolution of the whole seven, so long and so cruel. Ah! Faquir, I may surely be allowed to expose the whole extent of a weakness which I have so cruelly expiated.

Faquir. I cannot help admiring, how little you had of the Vestal.

Vestal. Place me at a distance from this hideous temple, and I am a lover, a wife, a mother.——

Faquir. It is well said. And I, who have scourged myself for five and forty years, what good have I done to the world? I piously believed that this was virtue. But they were as foolish at Rome as in my country; this is at least some consolation, and I imagine that the disease is universal.—But did Valerius return the seventh day?

Vestal. Alas, yes! to his misfortune and mine.

Faquir. How?

Vestal. Suspicions had been entertained; his steps were watched.

Faquir. Ah! I tremble for him; this is much worse than the fire being extinguished.

Vestal. Vesta was avenged.

Faquir. Cruel goddess! Why are such deities invented by man?

Vestal. She reigned before I had existence, and I was her slave from the moment of my birth. Ah, Faquir, pity me! I abandoned myself to the raptures which attend successful

cessful and happy love. My mind was above terror, superior to grief, and disregarded danger. Calm and happy, I was lulled into that delicious and tender repose, in which the silent feeling of pleasure, unattended with its more violent transports, seems to unite and identify us with the objects beloved. Our souls in unison were inspired with the same thoughts and the same passions. Ah, how shall I describe that scene of horror which succeeded? Melancholy cries, and the lengthened accents of wo, make the temple resound from its basis; guards, armed with flambeaux, violate its sacred obscurity; enraged priests——

Faquir. Priests! Ah, then it is all over with you. I already behold you in the fatal cave.

Vestal. The distress of my disconsolate companions, the reproaches written on their brow, the indignation which glows in every face; and, more than all, my lover in chains, struggling in vain, and casting upon me his last parting look: consider all these objects; they besieged at once my eyes, my ears, my heart. I beheld the consternation which bursting from the narrow limits of the temple, was to spread over Rome, and extend itself to the utmost limits of the empire: you would have said that it was tottering to its ruin. I am stripped of my sacred ornaments, they are touched now only with horror; every order of men in the state now augur the most terrible disasters; all affairs, public as well as private, are suspended. One would have thought that Valerius, by subjecting me to his laws, had broken the talisman upon which depended the salvation of the empire and the serenity of the universe——

Faquir. It was very extraordinary that so grave a people should have chosen so brittle a talisman.

Vestal. Sentence of death is immediately pronounced upon me by the united voice of the Pontifs; they condemn me to descend alive into a kind of cavern, in which were placed, by a cruel pity, bread, water, milk, and a mournful lamp, as if to give the victim a foretaste of death, and prolong the punishment to which I was destined. Conducted to the place of my interment, I was interrupted by no crowd on my way: I was abandoned by all,—by friends, by relations: I found myself surrounded only with priests, judges, and executioners, who with downcast eyes, mournful and silent, guarded me to my tomb. The chief priest, as I was about to descend the fatal ladder which was to convey me for ever from the eyes of mankind, wished to exhort me, and tell me of his gods: I imposed silence upon him. "Barbarian, stop, (said I to him;) dare not to touch me: I shall descend without thy assistance into the bowels of the earth: there I shall hear no more of thy sanguinary rites. Is it for thee to judge of love? I die, since Valerius must die. I have transgressed the laws of Vesta; but those of nature are more ancient and more sacred. If during my youth and inexperience I have blindly borne the chains of superstition, I have been able to break them in the age of reason and sentiment. The fire which you preserve on the altar of Vesta shall die: but love shall never die; for it is kindled by the hand of the Almighty Author of nature. This is the flame which I have cherished, which I have preserved with care; which will not abandon me even at death, or which rather shall survive my ashes!"

Faquir. This discourse did not move the priests?

Vestal. No. I descended into the pit prepared for me: the opening was covered up. Judge of what I felt when I saw the earth closing round me, and burying me in a narrow cavern, near a lamp which was not

not to expire but with myself. What remains to be told cannot be expressed. To die slowly, to suffer death a thousand times over, to pass from despair to annihilation, and from annihilation to despair; to suffer thus for the crime of having loved; what moments were these! But during the long continuance of my sufferings, I never complained of love: love was in my heart, and seemed to assuage my most grievous pains. The name of Valerius was perpetually on my lips, and my greatest torment was to be ignorant of his fate. My only remorse was for having made him unhappy. I pardoned myself my own ruin; and I never ceased to think of Valerius till I ceased to live.

Faquir. We must forget the past, since it is now to us the same thing whether we have been happy above or miserable. Life is now for us no more than a dream half effaced. Let no disagreeable reflection disturb our present repose. Leave that wretched Rome and its priests to remain as they are. Do you believe there are still any Vestals above?

Vestal. Are there any Faquirs, do you think, still?

Faquir. Yes, priestess.—Farewell.

SAMUEL JOHNSON'S *Diary*, 1781.

SOME time in March I finished the *lives of the poets*, which I wrote in my usual way, dilatorily and hastily, unwilling to work, and working with vigour and haste.

On Wednesday 11th was buried my dear friend Thrale, and with him were buried many of my hopes and pleasures. I felt almost the last flutter of his pulse, and looked for the last time on the face that for 15 years had never been turned on me but with respect or benignity.—— Farewell!—May God, that delighteth in mercy, have had mercy on thee!

I had constantly prayed for him some time before his death.

The decease of him, from whose friendship I had obtained many opportunities of amusement, and to whom I turned my thoughts as a refuge from misfortunes, has left me heavy. But my business is with myself

My first knowledge of Thrale was in 1765. I enjoyed his favour for almost a fourth part of my life.

I read the first Sunday in the Duty of Man; in which I had, till then, only looked by compulsion or by chance.

I have, I thank God, received the sacrament every year at Easter since the death of my poor Tetty. I once felt some temptation to omit it, but I was preserved from compliance. This is the 30th Easter

October 14. 1781. I am this day going to Litchfield and Ashbourne; the motives of the journey I hardly know. Mrs Aston will be glad, I think, to see me. We are both old; and if I put off my visit, I may see her no more. She is a very good woman.

Hector is likewise my friend; and we may be made better by some serious conversation

At Litchfield, my native place, I hope to show a good example, by frequent attendance on public worship.

At Ashbourne I hope to talk seriously with———

Poor Lawrence (the physician) has almost lost the sense of hearing; and I have lost the conversation of a learned, intelligent, and communicative companion, and a friend whom long familiarity has much endeared. Lawrence is one of the best men whom I have known.

The *ministry* is *dissolved*. I prayed with Francis, and gave thanks.

A

A Defence of the Tattle of Women.

——WHILST the greater part of a mixed company of men and women which I was in some time ago were prattling away, I entered without reserve into conversation myself with an Englishman, whom I had formerly met with in another place. We argued together concerning good and evil nearly half an hour. He maintained, that there was a greater proportion of vice and misery amongst mankind than there was of virtue and true happiness. I, on the other hand, endeavoured to convince him that the balance was every where equal: but it was with the greatest difficulty in the world that I could make him get rid of certain gloomy ideas, which, in him, were as much the effect of climate as of reflection. Our conversation was such as might, from the moderation with which it was carried on, have easily escaped the notice of those who were about us: One of the ladies, however, either from inconsiderateness or from curiosity, interrupted us, by saying, in a civil tone, "Pray, gentlemen philosophers, what are you talking about? Why deny us the pleasure of your excellent remarks?"

The Englishman seized this opportunity of jesting with me openly on the singularity of my opinion; and I confess that he gave it an air of originality. There is one objection, said the same lady, which completely overturns this system, which is by no means entirely new. Though it is neither to the interest nor the honour of my own sex, I will, nevertheless, faithfully state it, if I may be permitted, without aggravation or extenuation. The bare statement of it will, I flatter myself, sufficiently show its insuperability.

On hearing this, the curiosity of the company was immediately excited; every one was desirous to know what it was. Accordingly they applied to me, and asked me if I accepted the challenge. I was not willing to refuse it, since I was convinced of the justness of my opinion, and was very eager to prove it. "Ladies (added I) if I am mistaken, I am excuseable; it is from observing human nature, perfected by society, that my error, if any there be, has been drawn. I have always seen good and evil follow each other closely, and have ever found them to flow equally from every thing which exists."

"Well, Sir (replied my antagonist full of wit and grace) what I mean is the impertinent loquacity of some females:—that overpowering prattle of a simple tongue, which by its perpetual volubility, keeps so many other mouths shut, that have an equal right to be open with itself:—that distracting confusion of twenty different ones who speak without ceasing and all together, and without saying one word to the purpose:—that propensity to babbling which occasions so much nonsense, which betrays secrets of the most sacred kind, defames our neighbours, calumniates good men, sets friends at variance, foments quarrels, produces domestic broils, and is so frequently the plague of married men. What are the advantages which society derive from this vice, in recompence for the evils to which it gives rise? You will be very clever, indeed, Sir, if, with all your sagacity, you can point out a single good resulting from it amidst a hundred evils. As for the use of speech, there is no doubt that, if reasonable and moderate, it is equally great in women as in men: what I speak of here, is the strange abuse which we make of it, as I have just now described. Do you show that this loquacity is as

as beneficial to mankind as it is apparently injurious. That is your task."

I know not whether it was the intention of my fair speaker to mortify some of the circle: certain it is, however, that I observed a cloudiness in several of their faces; and this circumstance led me to hope I should be readily listened to. I read in the eyes of all, that they were much inclined to hear the justification of a fault of which they were too fond not to wish it had some foundation in reason. This encouraged me to speak as follows:

"Ladies, never did I engage in a cause with greater pleasure, not only on account of the lovely sex which are concerned in it, but also of the multitude of arguments which present themselves to my imagination in its favour. It cannot be denied that Nature has benefited the women on the score of their tongue; and that, instead of multiplying in them this organ, which she could have done with the same facility with which she has doubled those of sight and of hearing, she has endowed it with a wonderful mobility. Accustomed to reflect on every thing, I have considered on what this privilege was founded; and I have not had much difficulty in discovering it. To the women, who are created for the purpose of peopling society, the care of our infancy is intrusted. It is in their company only that we pass the first years of our lives. It is their duty, in proportion as our body increases, to assist the mind in unfolding itself likewise, that is, to put it in the way of acquiring new ideas; for it is to be presumed, that the sphere of the mind can be enlarged only by the number of ideas, and that we can acquire ideas only by the exercise of our senses, and more especially by those of sight and hearing. Will you now dispute with me the advantages arising from the prattle of nurses, and of governesses of children? Do they not exercise our infant ears, and engrave on our tender brains many ideal traces which would never be imprinted on them without this help? It is, then, with a view to teach us to think betimes, to rouse our young imaginations, that provident Nature has bestowed so much talkativeness on women.

"Observe the difference between two children, one of whom has been brought up by a lively young girl of an incessant talk, and the other by a silent pedant, who never smiled in his life. The first of these children sparkles with wit and grace; his little jargon is full of sallies; he speaks of every thing which concerns his own age, and is wonderfully ready in receiving instruction. The second is almost stupid: he betrays in company an air of embarrassment, and is scarcely able to utter a single word.

"Nature, who has destined women to nourish their own children, to bring them up, to fashion their minds, at least during their infancy, for the same reason that she has filled their breasts with milk, has given them also this volubility of tongue, so well adapted to aid our weakness at that time, to direct our growing imagination from object to object, to bring us to exercise with ease the faculty of thinking, and to familiarize us by times with every thing about us. Yes, ladies, were you to talk less, we should think less, should think with difficulty, should think more slowly. Really life is too short to suffer any thing to be neglected, from the very beginning of our career, which can contribute to the progress of our knowledge.

"Born as we are in the heart of society, where the natural language of gesture is almost unknown, it becomes necessary for us to learn to

speak,

ſpeak, that we may expreſs our wants, our wiſhes, and our thoughts. The ſimple expreſſion of cries is only in vogue amongſt ſavages. Every method is uſed to compel us to ſtifle them: hence a new obligation of rendering ourſelves intelligible by forced articulations. Now, if the ſame ſounds inceſſantly ſtrike our ears, we ſhall be more inclined to imitate them, and to affix to them the ſame ſignifications which the preſence of the objects themſelves would ſuggeſt. Theſe firſt expreſſions, the moſt neceſſary in practice, are exactly thoſe which form the ordinary converſation of the women and young females that are placed over us. It is with great propriety, therefore, that Nature has ordained, that the converſation of women ſhould always turn on the ſimpleſt, plaineſt, and moſt common ſubjects. Her deſign is to familiarize us by times with ſuch objects, and to teach us to know and to name them whenever occaſion requires.

"Let us ſuppoſe that women had the ſame taſte for more elevated, more abſtruſe, and leſs known ſubjects. Thenceforth their converſation would be no longer adapted to the weakneſs of infants, whoſe tender brain is incapable of any painful employment. The ſimplicity of the ideas which are preſented to a child, in order to exerciſe his intellectual faculties, ſhould correſpond to the delicacy of his organs; the preſence of the objects, or of their ſimilitudes, ſhould render his perception the more ready, otherwiſe inſtead of aſſiſting the mind, we ſhall throw him into a ſtate of confuſion and dullneſs, capable of ſtupifying and deſtroying the moſt promiſing diſpoſitions.

"I agree that we are afterwards to forget the tales which we heard in our infancy, and that we muſt entirely alter our mode of thinking: but this muſt be left to time, which will gradually bring about this ſubſtitution of ideas. Our firſt conceptions, however frivolous they may have been, have nevertheleſs accuſtomed us to think. Their frivolouſneſs was neceſſary, becauſe we were incapable of employing ourſelves with things of more weight. Obliged to begin by that which is the ſimpleſt, we ſhould have found it a difficult matter to have reaſoned ſenſibly now, if we had not, in our earlier days, have learned to reaſon and think like children. The mind is developed like the body itſelf: it paſſes through ſeveral ſtages before it is completely formed. The intellect has its time of weakneſs, when puerile exertions only are to be expected from it. To this end, Nature has made a proviſion, by giving the women, under whoſe care we paſs the firſt ſeven or eight years of our life, a decided taſte for *bagatelle*, a prodigious faculty of ſpeaking a long time on nothing, an hereditary propenſity to repetition: all this Nature ſeems to have done, with a view of preventing them from overloading our weak brains with too great a multiplicity of ideas."

"You infer, then (ſaid ſome one of the company) that the prattle of women teaches the whole ſpecies to ſpeak and to think."

"Certainly (replied I;) and I further maintain, for the honour of the fair ſex, that ſociety derives infinite pleaſure from this pretended fault. Almoſt every female poſſeſſes a voice; a clear, ſoft, variable, muſical voice; a voice which charms us, which conſtitutes the happineſs of private circles, and affords entertainment to a whole nation at the concert and opera."

"Would you, then, perſuade me (ſaid the Engliſhman in a tone of raillery) that if the women ſpoke leſs they would not ſing ſo well?"

"Indeed they would not (replied I), as I will let you judge. I conſider the windpipe, with a modern phi-

philosopher, as a chorded instrument. The air, coming out from the lungs in the act of exspiration, causes the tendinous fibres of the upper part of the windpipe to contract, and by throwing them at the same time into vibrations, obtains the varieties of sounds from them. All the harmony of singing, all the nicety of sounds, all the softness of quavers, and all the delicacy of modulation, depend on the sensibility of these fibres or vocal chords, and on the accuracy of their vibrations.

"Besides, the organ of voice in women possesses an extreme flexibility; insomuch that the air, which in the constant motions of inspiration and expiration enters into and goes out of the lungs through the canal of the wind-pipe, incessantly irritates the same canal to make itself heard. Hence their propensity to speak is a physical necessity, from which men are exempt, since the grosser fibres of their wind-pipe are less easily thrown into vibrations.

"The perpetual babbling of women preserves this organ in a state of of flexibility: the volubility of the tongue modifies the voice to that rapidity of evolution, to those varied inflections, which are suited to the passions which agitate the soul, to that melody which describes all the phenomena of nature, from the clap of thunder down to the oblivious charm of sleep. It is to their loquacity, therefore, that they are indebted for the sweetness of their voice, and that we are indebted for the pleasure which their voice affords. I lay it down as a fact, not only that the prattle of women makes their voice more charming, but that it would even be almost possible for those who want a voice to acquire one by indulging in tattle, since by frequently repeating the vibrations of the fibres of the windpipe, they become flexible and easy, and soon lose that hardness and stiffness which are the cause of a bad voice. If the sex were to be condemned to taciturnity, their voice would be like the tone of an instrument which is seldom played upon.

"For it must not be imagined, that practising an hour a-day for two or three years with a singing-master will be sufficient to form or keep up a voice: no; the delicacy of this organ requires a more continued action. And as it would not do to sing always (for, besides that complaisance does not suffer it, singing is too fatiguing to the chest) conversation must be substituted for it, and prattling without cessation must be allowed: a pretty, agreeable exercise, well suited to throw the vocal fib[illegible]es into vibration, and to keep them, without fatigue, in constant motion.

"Women can speak at all times; it is a wise institution, that of assigning to them, as their portion, occupations compatible with their loquacious dispositions."—"It would be a great piece of injustice (said the lady who had declaimed so well against her own sex) to complain of the frivolousness of our discourses. Does not every body know that we are inexhaustible on the subject of nothings? If we were to speak only on science, arts, politics, and religion, we should soon run out all that we knew: speaking, without understanding the subject, we should constantly commit an offence against good sense, on topics of the highest importance."

"Madam (continued I) I did not dare to express myself so freely: I will not add any thing farther to your observation."

O happy tattle! the inestimable blessing, which prep[illegible]e high delights which result from a sweet voice! The precious talent, to which the greatest men are indebted for the first use they have made of the faculty of thought and expression!

An

An Account of certain remarkable Pits or Caverns in the Earth, in the County of Berks; by the Hon. DAINES BARRINGTON, *V.P.S.*

THESE pits are situated about half a mile west from little Coxwell in Berkshire, and may be heard of at that village under the name of *Cole's Pits.*

The whole area of the inclosed field in which they are situated, contains 45 acres, the excavated part being 14 or nearly one-third, and the pits consisting of no less a number than 273. The depths vary from 7 to 22 feet, the diameters of some being 40 feet.

I need scarcely mention for what purpose pits are generally dug; but the singularity of these arises from its being impossible to discover for what material 14 acres of ground could have been thus honey-combed.

At first it may possibly strike many, that the name being *Cole's Pits*, such kind of fuel might have been thus procured; but, unfortunately for this part of Berkshire, no coals were ever found within 50 miles of Little Coxwell

By others it may be conjectured, that clay for brick or tiles might occasion these excavations: the soil, however, both on the surface near these pits, and even at the bottom of them, is a perfectly dry sand.

It may be supposed again, that there were formerly stone quarries, from which a great town may have been built: but not a single stone is to be found in the bottom or sides of these pits, nor in the adjoining part of the field. There is no considerable town, moreover, in the neighbourhood except Farringdon, many of the houses wherein are cased only with plaster, nor is perhaps the oldest house in the town more than a hundred years standing. There is likewise no mine of any sort within a hundred miles of Little Coxwell, nor the least appearance of marle in the adjoining fields.

Having thus endeavoured to show what could not have been the cause of digging so many pits, I shall now risk a conjecture as to what may have been the original inducement for removing so many thousand cubical yards of sand.

I conceive, then, this area to have been a considerable city of the Britons in the time of the earliest inhabitants of this island, which at an average of five *souls* (to be accommodated in each pit) would amount to nearly 1400.

A more proper spot for the residence of uncivilized people could not have been pitched upon, as the pits consist entirely of the driest sand, and are situated in the rich vale of Whitehorse.

Perhaps many may start at this idea, which I must admit to be rather new and uncommon; but we shall find that the necessity of nearly the same habitations hath been experienced by the early inhabitants of most countries, and still continues in some, where no refinements of life have been introduced.

The Romans, ambitious as they were of extensive empire, never penetrated into parts so entirely barbarous, for Great Britain at the time of Cæsar's invasion was by no means in this state; and if I am required to fix the æra of the supposed British town, which I have been describing, I can only do it negatively, by dating it prior to the stupendous structure of Stonehenge.

Within the limits of the Roman empire, however, Strabo states, that in the island of Ægina, to save the trouble of making bricks, the inhabitants used to live in hollows, which they dug under ground; and this custom

ftom ftill prevails in fome parts of Poland, where dwellings of that fort are termed *lim-finks*.

Where the country is rocky indeed, caves are fometimes ufed by barbarians for habitations; and many of thefe are to be found both in Malta and Minorca.

Virgil again, taking it probably from fome Greek writer who lived not far diftant from the Palus Mæotis, thus expreffes himfelf with regard to the manner in which the inhabitants fpent their winter:

> "Ipfi in defoffis fpecubus, fecura fub alta
> "Otia agunt terra." *Georgic*. iii. 376.

But to come nearer home——

Leland in his itinerary gives us the following account of what he had obferved in that range of hills in Carmarthenfhire, which are generally termed the *Black Mountains*.

"There be a great number of pitts made with hande, large like a bowle, and narrow at the bottom, overgrowne in the fwarte with fine graffe, and be fcattered here and there about the quarter where the head of Kenner River rifeth, that cummeth by Carie Kennen, and fumme of thefe will receive a hunderith menne."

I cannot but conceive that thefe pits, thus defcribed by Leland, were dug by the Aborigines of this ifland for the purpofe of habitations, as it is believed that there are no mines at prefent of any kind in this part of the Black Mountain, much lefs could they have been excavated for this purpofe before the time of Leland.

Fortunately, however, for the conjecture I have made upon this occafion, though not fo for their own comforts, there are now inhabitants of Kamtfchatka, who are as little civilized as our aboriginal anceftors; and who make ufe of the fame excavations for the fame purpofe.

The procefs is the following:—Having firft dug the pit to the proper depth, they fix a number of ftems in a perpendicular pofition, over which they place horizontal planks at fuch intervals, that they fupport fods of earth, which cover the whole roof except at a fmall hole which is left in the centre, and through which they defcend into the pit by means of an awkward ladder. This fame aperture anfwers alfo the purpofe of a chimney. Three or four families of the Tfchufki, fituated confiderably to the northward, often live in very fimilar habitations.

It would be ridiculous to contend, that fuch a fubterraneous dwelling hath the conveniency of a modern houfe; but to an unpolifhed barbarian, it affords protection from cold and tempeft, which are the injuries he muft chiefly apprehend*. To complete fuch a den, nothing more is requifite, than a tool to fell a tree, and another to dig the pit.

But it may poffibly be afked, That if thefe pits near Coxwell really formed a Britifh town, why do not we find more of them in different parts of the ifland?

To this I anfwer, That thofe which I have given an account of to the Society, probably were confidered as the London of thofe rude times; for it is fairly to be inferred from more than 14 acres having been thus excavated, that upwards of 1300 inhabitants lived in this ancient metropolis.

All barbarous and uncultivated countries are moft thinly peopled; and 1300 fouls, living contiguoufly within fuch a fpace, are for fuch times perhaps a greater number for the then capital of this ifland, than 800,000 are for the prefent.

In other inftances four or five dens were fufficient to conftitute a village; which when they happen to be ftumbled

* A Kamtfchatka family is alfo completely fecured in fuch an habitation from the ravages of wild beafts during the winter, as they cannot defcend by the awkward ladder which the natives make ufe of.

tled upon from having not been filled up for the purposes of cultivation, are commonly attributed to the digging for stone, clay, or other fossile material.

The truth, however, is, that few think about the cause of what they most commonly meet with; nor is this large mass of pits (covering fourteen acres of ground), noticed by any one in the neighbourhood, but for its sometimes harbouring rabbits.

That there are others very similar in the Black Mountains of Carmarthenshire, appears by what I have already cited from Leland's Itinerary; and I am informed that there are more which lie in Somersetshire between Meere and Wincanton, being called the *Pen-Pits*. I have little doubt, therefore, but if this my conjecture should be considered as well founded, many other such excavations will be heard of, especially if the extent of ground covered with them is large; because the expence of filling them up would amount to so much, that it never could answer for cultivation.

I shall conclude what I have to offer to the Society on this head, by observing, that the Coxwell pits are precisely in the situation which must have been convenient for such a subterraneous town, because the sand is rich as well as dry; for sand which is poor would soon crumble in from every side of the pit, and consequently occasion the necessity of frequently removing the encumbrance. Cole's pits are also surrounded by a most fertile country.

I admit the conjecture I have made to be new, and therefore perhaps bold; but the more I have thought upon the subject, the less have I been able to account for such an assemblage of pits from any other cause; and the subterraneous dwellings used by the Kamtschatkans at this day seem to prove, that in all cold climates the absolutely barbarous inhabitants will have recourse to the same protection from the inclemencies of the weather.

Observations on the Language of the People commonly called Gypsies. *In a Letter to Sir* JOSEPH BANKS, *Baronet, F. R. S. From Mr* MARSDEN, *F. S. A.*

IT has long been surmised, that the vagrant tribes of people called in this country *Gypsies*, and on parts of the continent of Europe, *Cingari*, *Zingari*, and *Chingali*, were of eastern origin. The former name has been supposed a corruption of *Egyptian*, and some learned persons have judged it not improbable that their language might be traced to the *Coptic*.

In the course of researches which I have had occasion to pursue on the subject of language, I observed that Ludolfus, in his history of Ethiopia, makes mention incidentally of the *Cingari vel Errones Nubiani*, and gives a specimen of words which he had collected from these people in his travels, with a view of determining their origin. He discusses the opinions of various writers concerning them, but forms no precise one of his own; concluding his observations with these words: *Eadem vocabula, cùm maximam partem reperiam apud* Vulcanium, *à centum ferè annis tradita, non fictitia existimo, ut* Megiserus *putat, nec corrupta ex aliis linguis, neque Ægyptiaca sive Coptica*.

I was surprised to find many of the words contained in the specimen familiar to my eye; and pointed out to Sir Joseph Banks (in the latter end of the year 1783) their evident correspondence with terms in the *Hindostanic*,

ftanic, or as it is vulgarly termed in India, the *Moors* language. This similitude appeared to me fo extraordinary, that I was inclined to fufpect an error in the publication, which might have arifen from a confufion of obfcure vocabularies in the author's poffeffion. The circumftance, however, determined me to pay further attention to the fubject; and to examine, in the firft place, whether the language fpoken by the Gypfey tribes in England, and by thofe in the remoter parts of the continent of Europe, were one and the fame; and then to afcertain whether this actually bore the affinity, which fo forcibly ftruck me in Ludolfus, to any of the languages on the continent of India.

Through the obliging affiftance of Sir Jofeph Banks, who has fpared no pains to promote this inveftigation, I procured an opportunity of obtaining a lift of words from our Gypfies, which I can depend upon as genuine, and tolerably accurate in refpect to the pronunciation, from their being corroborated by words alfo taken down, feparately, by Sir Jofeph and by Dr Blagden. Mr Matra did me the favour to tranfmit for me a lift of words to *Turkey;* and from his ingenious friend Mr B. Pifani, I received a complete and fatisfactory tranflation of them, together with fome information refpecting the manners of the Chingiarés, in the Turkifh dominions; which, however, does not come within the defign of this paper, as I mean to confine myfelf, in the prefent communication, fimply to the queftion of the fimilarity of language, which, if eftablifhed, I fhould efteem a matter of no little curiofity; prefuming it to be perfectly new to the world. Of this fimilarity the learned members of the Society will be enabled to form their judgment from the annexed paper, exhibiting a comparifon of a few of the words procured from the different quarters before-mentioned, with the Hindoftanic terms, from the beft publifhed and parole authorities.

It may not be unworthy of remark, that the general appellation for thefe people in the eaftern parts of Europe, is very nearly connected with that of the inhabitants of *Ceylon* in the Eaft-Indies, who are equally termed *Lingalefe* and *Chingalefe;* though at the fame time it muft be acknowledged, that the language of this ifland has much lefs correfpondence with that of the Gypfies than many other of the Indian dialects. His Grace the archbifhop of York, with his ufual difcernment, fuggefted to me the probability that the Zingari here fpoken of, may have derived their name, and perhaps their origin, from the people called *Langari* or *Langarians*, who are found in the northweft parts of the peninfula of Hindoftan, and infeft the coafts of *Guzerat* and *Sindy* with their piratical depredations. The maritime turn of this numerous race of people, with their roving and enterprifing difpofition, may warrant the idea of occafional emigrations in their boats by the courfe of the Red Sea.

Notwithftanding that the refemblance to the Hindoftanic is the predominant feature in the Gypfey dialect, yet there are words interfperfed which evidently coincide with other languages. Befide the *Mahratta* and *Bengalefe*, which I have marked in the comparitive fpecimen, it is not a little fingular, that the terms for the numerals *feven*, *eight*, and *nine*, are purely *Greek*, although the firft five, and that for *ten*, are indifputably *Indian*. It is alfo a curious obfervation, that although the Indian term for *feven*, being *faath*, differs from the Gypfey, yet that for a *week*, or *feven* days, is the *Eftan* of the latter. One word only, among thofe which I have examined, bears a refemblance to the *Coptic*, which is *rom*, the

the ſame with *romi*, a man. In compariſons of this nature, a due allowance muſt be made, not only for the various modes of ſpelling adopted by different perſons and different nations, but alſo for the diſſimilar manner in which the ſame individual ſound ſtrikes the organs of the hearers; of which ſome pointed inſtances might be given.

Should any be inclined to doubt (which I ſcarcely ſuppoſe poſſible) of the identity of the *Gypſey* or *Cingari*, and the *Hindoſtanic* languages, ſtill it will be acknowledged as no unintereſting ſubject of ſpeculation, that tribes wandering through the mountains of *Nubia*, or the plains of *Romania*, have converſed for centuries in a dialect preciſely ſimilar to that ſpoken at this day by the obſcure, deſpiſed, and wretched people in England, whoſe language has been conſidered as a fabricated gibberiſh, and confounded with a cant in uſe amongſt thieves and beggars, and whoſe perſons have been (till within the period of a year) an object of perſecution, inſtead of the protection of our laws.

Compariſons of the Gypſey and Hindoſtanic Languages.

	Engliſh Gypſies.	Turkiſh Gypſies, or Chinghiarès.	Cingari vel Errones Nubiani	Hindoſtanic.
One	Aick, yek	Yeck		Aick, ek, yek
Two	Dooee	Duy		Do, dow
Three	Trin	Trin		Teen
Four	Stau, ſtaur, ſhtar	Shtiar		Chaur
Five	Pange	Panch		Paunch
Six	Shove	Shove		Chaye, chey
Seven	Heftau	Eftâ		Saath, ſaut
Eight		Oktô		Aath, aut
Nine	Henya	Enia		Noh, no
Ten	Deſh	Deſh		Dus, doſh (Bengaleſe)
Man	Räye, gajo	Rom, manuſh	Manuſch	Maanooſho (Bengaleſe), Mannoos (Mahratta)
Woman or Lady	Raunee, gaujee	Romee		Rendee, raunee
Head	Bol-ſhuroo, ſharo	Shero	Scheiro	Seer, ſirr
Eyes	Yack-au, yock	Yack	Jaka	Aunk, choke, okhyo, (Bengaleſe)
Noſe	Bol-nok	Nack	Nak	Nauck
Hair	Ballau, bolau.	Bal	Bal	Baul, bal
Teeth	Dan-au	Dan		Daunt, dont, (Bangaleſe)
Ear	Kanana		Can	Kaun
Good	Queſto	Latchò		Acha
Day	Dewas, devas, devus,	Deeves		Deen, deewus, (Mahratta)
Night	Rautee	Ratee		Raut, raat
White	Pauno	Parnee		Paandra, (Mahratta)
Black	Kaulo	Caglee		Kaulla
Fire	Yaug	Yagg	Yag	Aug
Water	Paunee	Pagnee	Pani	Paunee
Dead	Mullo, moulay	Moolo		Mooah, maylay, (Mahratts)
Cow	Gouvinee		Curcumni	Gauee
Sheep	Baukro		Bakro	Bhare
Hog	Baulo	Balò	Palo	
Fiſh	Matcho	Matcho		Matchee, mutchee
Bird	Chereko, chillakoo	Chiricklo		Chereah
Houſe	Kair		Ker	Ghurr
Knife	Chooree			Chooree
Moon		Chonn	Chon	Chaund
Salt	Lone			Noone, (Bengaleſe)
Gold	Soona-kai			Sonna
Silver	Roop			Roopau
God	Me-devel	Devlaa		Dawa, (Bengaleſe)

Archeologia, Vol. VII.

The Felon's Muster Roll.

THE introduction of the new Police Bill has rendered that felonious combination, which subsists by the honourable practice of *thieving*, more than ever a subject of general curiosity and attention.

It is said of Naples, which is computed to contain about 300,000 inhabitants, that 30,000 families have no other way of living than by plunder.

If felony, therefore, bear the same proportion to the number of inhabitants in London, what a prodigious multitude are constantly on the watch to embrace every opportunity of pilfering!

The late Sir John Fielding was wont to observe, that wherever there were three together in a shop, whether shoe-makers, taylors, carpenters, hatters, leather-dressers, manufacturers, or labourers, it was odds but two of them were downright thieves.

One magistrate knows 600, and one lawyer 3000 thieves; it is therefore a very fair and alarming query, How many of the same respectable characters may be supposed to make up the acquaintance of all the magistrates and lawyers within the cities and liberties of London and Westminster?

In a house not far from Duke's Place, an honourable fraternity of this delicate description have a meeting almost every evening. A brawny, savage-looking fellow, of gigantic stature, is said to be preses of the meeting, and captain of the gang.

There is a call of the house once a-week, when this Herculean bravo reads over the various lists, which are arranged under several and distinct heads, which we shall state, with a short explanation, for the instruction and benefit of the English reader.

The *fair dealer* is one who keeps the broad road, and robs without disguise. He is otherwise called *high pad* or *highwayman*. This class sit at the head of the table, pay a double share of the bill; and whenever it is necessary or expedient that one die for the credit or conveniency of the rest, the *high pads* claim a preference.

The *collectors*, *low robbers*, or *footpads*, are those who take charge of the cross ways, concurrent departments of the road, bye-lanes, or wherever a purse may be taken, a pocket rifled, or a stab given with security.

These are bloody, cowardly villains, who lurk in the dark, loiter about hedges and old houses, and stroll out in the evenings in groupes. Their orders are to take whatever they can, to strip rich and poor, and to murder or mangle whoever has nothing, gives what he has with reluctance, or makes the least resistance.

The *rifleman*, or the *budge*, is one who is always strolling about, down lanes, up courts, lounging in unfrequented streets, and hanging in markets, or about stalls, where those who sell, and those who buy, are often over busy, or over careless: and he generally takes aim so well, that he seldom or never misses the mark.

The *diver*, the *pick-pocket*, occupies a situation of infinite danger and address. The practitioners in this branch of the system formerly went single. They were then called *bung-nippers*; because with a *horn thumb* and a *sharp knife*, they generally cut off the pocket and its contents.

A species of this sort still exists, and is denominated the *file*, because they can *file* into a corner, *file* on, or *file* off, just as the prospect of booty seems to tempt them. They are often well dressed, and are constant frequenters

quenters of the Theatres, the Chapels Royal, both Houses of Parliament, and all other public places.

The mere *diver* is commonly attended with the *bulk;* whose office is to create quarrels, in order that, by gathering a crowd, their enterprizes may be carried on with effect, and without observation.

The *jilt*, the *ferret*, or the *house-bug*, is a woman who, connected with some of the gang, takes lodgings, especially in ale-houses or taverns, and with pick-locks opens all the chests and trunks to which she has access; and having selected what she likes, fastens them, discharges her lodgings, and goes off without suspicion.

The *prigger of prancers*, is one whose profession is confined to the stealing of horses. This line is recruited from Newmarket, and the various mews and livery stables in the metropolis.

The *ken-miller* robs houses in the night-time, by breaking them open, getting in at the window, sprawling down the chimney, and nestling under the beds; these expeditions are generally executed by stout and resolute parties, who carry on their depredations with great system. Their implements of forcible entrance, when that is necessary, are altogether irresistible; but they generally prefer that mode which is accompanied with as little noise as possible. A watch is carefully set on every pass, and their retreat, in the event of discovery or disturbance, effectually secured.

The *scourers* are a set of people who have lately infested the houses situated on the side of the river; the watermen deny their connection with them. All of them, it is said, are sailors, who cannot get employ, except one, who is a lighterman. They are well known; and do so much damage to the wherries, that, the moment they can be convicted, or any particular fact brought forth, a variety of corroborating circumstances will be produced against them; but the depredation which they commit on the boats, shut for the present the mouths of the watermen, to whom they are all individually known.

The last class of this worthy fraternity are, *petty hawkers*, or *shop-lifters*, whose chief employ is to cheapen goods from place to place, till an opportunity offers of secreting such articles as are most commodious for carrying off without detection.

Complaints are continually making by this *honest* set of traders, of encroachments on their business, from various demireps of fashion, very well known to the shop-keepers, but whom they are fearful of detecting, lest it might be whispered among their customers as impertinence, and hurt their business.

These are the heads of those tribes of banditti who lay the rest of the community under continual contribution, and against whom the new police bill was principally intended. Perhaps, among all the adventurers in this country, there is not any who act on a system that is more closely followed up, or which more substantially rewards the few who escape a premature death.

On the Choice of Companions.

AS the human mind cannot always be on the stretch, nor the hands always employed in labour, recreation becomes both agreeable and necessary. Of all recreations, that of the company of a few chosen companions must be allowed to be the most manly and most improving: but as in those hours of recreation we are most in danger of being misled, be-

ing generally at ſuch ſeaſons more off our guard than uſual, the greateſt care ſhould be taken in making choice of which to aſſociate with; for according to our choice of them, both our character and diſpoſition will receive a tincture, as waters paſſing through minerals partake of their taſte and efficacy. This is a truth ſo univerſally received, that it is become a proverb both in the natural and moral world, That a man is known by his company. As by chemiſtry we learn, that diſcordant mixtures produce nothing but broil and fermentation till one of them gets the aſcendency of the reſt; ſo from ſcripture we learn, that two cannot walk together except they be agreed. From which we may ſee how impoſſible it is for any one to be thought a perſon of real goodneſs and integrity, whilſt he chooſeth for his companions the abandoned and licentious.

By herding with ſuch, he will not only loſe his character, but his virtue; for whatever fallacious diſtinction he may be pleaſed to make between the men and their vices, in the end the firſt generally qualifies the laſt, and by ceaſing to hate them he will ſoon learn both to love and practiſe them.

This may be fairly concluded without breach of charity; for a propenſity to evil grows ſtronger by habit. Evil example hath moſt pernicious effects. Thoſe whom we love we naturally copy. And now, Mr Printer, I hope it will not be thought aſſuming, if I put your readers in mind to fly the ſociety of ſenſual or deſigning men. The malignity of their contagion doth not appear all at once. Their frolics firſt appear harmleſs, and then when partaken of they leave a longing reliſh behind them; and one appointment makes way for another, one expence leads on to a ſecond; and ſo time and fortune are waſted away to very bad purpoſe. Then one appetite craves, and another muſt be gratified, till all become too importunate to be denied: which verifies what the wiſeſt of men long ſince ſaid, "That the beginning of ſin is like the breaking forth of waters, which when it once maketh an entrance, carrieth all before it with ruſhing impetuoſity." Some pangs of remorſe may be felt by the infatuated creature on his firſt degeneracy, and ſome faint reſolutions againſt being ſeduced any more; which will no ſooner be diſcovered by thoſe factors for the devil, and leaders to deſtruction, but all arts will be uſed to allure him back to bear them company in the broad beaten path to ruin. Of all which methods, none is more to be dreaded than raillery; for this is generally exerciſed with all its force, and too often proves fatal. Another method uſed by theſe diſciples of Satan to miſlead the young novice, not yet hackneyed in vice, and no leſs dangerous than the other, is to call evil good, and good evil. Luſt and ſenſuality muſt paſs for love and gallantry; revenge and malice, for heroiſm. But ſteadineſs ſhould be ſhown, by holding ſuch peſts of ſociety in deriſion, and looking on them with contempt; by appearing unmoved by their ill-founded banters, and unſtung by their impious jeſts.

All theſe arguments might be enforced by many examples of young perſons being ruined by bad company; but this daily occurs to our own obſervation. In order, therefore, to eſcape the danger which attends the keeping of evil company, let thoſe you aſſociate with be perſons as carefully educated, and as honeſtly diſpoſed, as yourſelf; of a good moral character, not given to any known vice; whoſe lives are temperate, and whoſe expences are moderate: with ſuch company as theſe, you will neither get diſcredit, nor degenerate into exceſs. You will be a mutual check to each other; and your reputation will be ſo eſtabliſhiſhed, that it

it will be the ambition of others to be admitted members of your ſociety. Select theſe for your company who are men of good ſenſe and underſtanding; and, if poſſible, who excel in ſome art, ſcience, or accompliſhment; that ſo, in the courſe of your acquaintance, your very hours of amuſement may contribute to your improvement; and for the moſt part ſuch are open and communicative, and take as much pleaſure in being heard as you to be informed. By purſuing ſuch a conduct you will be an ornament and uſeful member of ſociety.

From Grubſtreet Garret. } A. M.

Summary of Proceedings in the Female Parliament, June 12.

HOUSE *of* LADIES.

LADY *Whimſical* brought up a report from the committee appointed to take into conſideration the preſent ſtate of *lap-dogs*, and other favourites; and which being read, was ordered to be committed.

Her Ladyſhip gave notice, that ſhe would make a motion relative to the above ſubject on Monday next; and hoped, as it was of importance, their Ladyſhips would make it a point to attend.

Lady Inquiſitive ſaid, that it would be proper and decent in the noble Lady who ſpoke laſt, to inform the Houſe of the nature of the motion, that their Ladyſhips might come prepared.

Lady Prattle likewiſe urged, that the Houſe ſhould have ſome information on the ſubject, that they might talk about it in every public place.

Lady Whimſical thought it improper to go into particulars at preſent; but would juſt hint, that the motion ſhe intended to make, was reſpecting the *education of monkies*, which of late had been much neglected.

This brought up

Lady Sneerwell, who ſaid, ſhe was happy to find that the noble Lady (Lady Whimſical) had adverted to a ſubject which had lately occupied her thoughts not a little; but obſerved, that in the other Houſe, the *Chancelloreſs* of the Treaſury was, ſhe underſtood, about to make a motion of inquiry into the ſame ſubject.

Heard counſel in the caſe of divorce between *Pompey* and *Lappet*—to give judgment to-morrow.

Paſſed the *Gipſey-hat* bill, and other public and private bills.

Adjourned.

HOUSE *of* WOMEN.

Received a report from the Committee of *Trimmings*.

Mrs Fuſſock offered an amendment to the *fan-bill*, which conſiſted in making them larger; ſhe complained ſhe was ſeen behind them very diſtinctly.

Mrs Snappit ſaid the Honourable Lady ſhould blame the circumference of her face, and not the fan-makers; for her part, ſhe was ſatisfied.

Mrs Fuſſock replied with ſome heat, when the Speaker called to order.

Education of Brutes.

The *Chancelloreſs* of the Exchequer came into the Houſe at this time, and immediately obſerved, that ſhe had juſt left the other Houſe, where ſhe was ſurpriſed to find that ſhe had been anticipated in ſome part of the regulations ſhe had to prepare, but ſhe nevertheleſs would proceed now to the motion which ſhe had intimated to the Honourable Houſe on a preceding day.

The Honourable Lady obſerved, that it muſt be apparent to all, what great

great progreſs had been made in the education of brutes, which hitherto have been deemed incapable of it; ſhe had ordered a *Committee of Inquiry* to examine into the truth and extent of the reports on this head, and would now read a few tracts from their report.

In the firſt place, ſhe had found, that two *horſes* had been taught to walk a minuet, and another had been taught to dance *Nancy Dawſon*.

This ſhe thought the more remarkable, as minuets and country-dances had hitherto been confined to ladies and gentlemen; but ſhe now ſaw the confirmation of an old prophecy, which ſays,

> " So Orpheus fiddled, and ſo danced the brutes."

This ſhe thought was plainly a prophecy, that the day would come when brutes ſhould be as well qualified for public places as fine ladies and gentlemen. And from this ſpecimen of their docility, ſhe did not doubt that we ſhould ſoon read in the newſpapers, " That the Hon. Mr Aſcot gave a grand ball to ſeveral horſes and mares of diſtinction, at which were preſent ſome foreign mules."

The *Chancellореſs* next obſerved, that *a hare* had been taught to beat the *drum*. This ſhe conceived would principally be beneficial in time of war; *drummers* were often killed, as well as fighting-men; and it was a pity, ſhe ſaid, to expoſe a human creature to a danger which had better be hazarded by a *hare;* eſpecially as all the duties of the office might be as well performed by the one as by the other. And if *rabbits* could be induced to play the fife, a conſiderable ſaving of human fleſh might be made to Government.

That part of the report which concerned the *dogs*, ſhe obſerved, was the fulleſt, and much merited the attention of the Houſe. Many of the members of that Houſe kept dogs; ſome had kept them for years, and they never could be brought to do any thing but cry *bow wow*, and *dirty the furniture*, unleſs, perhaps, that they ſometimes afforded a pretence for turning away an uſeful ſervant, who had miſlaid *Cloe*'s cuſhion or her comb.

Dogs, however, now were not only perfect in dancing, but likewiſe *acted plays*, which in the declining ſtate of the ſtage, was a comfortable circumſtance: and if, which would certainly be the next ſtep, they could be brought to *write* plays alſo, in the manner that plays are commonly written, there would be more meaning for the expreſſion *canine madneſs* than moſt people at preſent were aware of.

Farther, ſhe found alſo, that dogs had been taught the art of war, ſcaling walls, and taking towns. If, in a ſubſequent war, they ſhould be employed, it was to be hoped, ſhe ſaid, they would ſhow more bravery than certain *puppies* of late, who always ſhowed their *teeth*, but made it a point of conſcience never to *bite*.

But not to mention more particulars, as ſhe was convinced the Honourable Houſe had made themſelves miſtreſſes of all the particulars, ſhe only begged to advert to the erudition, the ſcience, the philoſophy, and the mathematics of a *pig;* which being well known, ſhe would decline any farther notice of.

From what ſhe had obſerved, therefore, ſhe thought herſelf juſtified in moving,

" That the brute creation be henceforth reſcued from ignorance, and that the principles of religion, law, government, as well as all arts and ſciences, be taught to them."

The Chancelloreſs of the Exchequer having concluded,

Mrs Dolittle ſeconded the motion, and could with pleaſure inform the Houſe, that ſhe had a *parrot* who, in ſix years, was able to repeat a propoſition

position in Euclid, and underſtood it full as well as an Eton ſcholar. She alſo had a *rat*, who now was practiſing the *Air in Ariadne*.

Mrs Idle was happy to find that the dear little creatures were to participate of our learning, as they had long of our beds and ſophas; and intimated, that ſhe had ſome hopes of teaching *Handel's water-muſic* to the *gold fiſh* in her *pond*.

The hour being late, a member propoſed to adjourn; when the motion paſſed unanimouſly, and the Chancelloreſs was ordered to bring in a bill for the purpoſe.

Adjourned.

Remarks on ſpecific Gravities taken at different Degrees of Heat, and an eaſy Method of reducing them to a common Standard; by RICHARD KIRWAN, *Eſq; F. R. S.*

THAT a comparative view of the weights of equal volumes of water and all other ſubſtances is highly uſeful on many occaſions, is too well known to require any proof; but that a principal uſe reſulting from this compariſon, when properly made, is unattainable by a peruſal of the common tables, I ſhall here endeavour to ſhow, and at the ſame time point out a remedy for this defect.

One capital advantage derivable from a table of ſpecific gravities, is the knowledge of the abſolute weight of any ſolid meaſure of the ſubſtances therein contained, or that of the ſolid meaſure of a given weight of thoſe ſubſtances, a cubit foot of water being ſuppoſed to weigh 1000 ounces avoirdupois, and conſequently a cubic inch of water weighing 253,182 grains. But the authors who have diſcovered this equation of weight and meaſure, and all thoſe who have ſince treated this ſubject, have neglected to inform us of the temperature at which this agreement takes place: yet, that it cannot take place in all temperatures is evident from the experiments of Dr Halley and others; who have found, that a few degrees above the freezing to the boiling point, water is dilated about $\frac{1}{26}$ of its bulk; and, conſequently, if 1000 ounces at the freezing point be equal to one cubit foot, they muſt be equal at the boiling point to one cubic foot and 66,46 cubic inches. And if the dilatations are proportional to the degrees of heat throughout the ſcale, there muſt be an augmentation of 3,136 cubic inches *per* cubic foot produced by every 10 degrees of heat. Both theſe points remain therefore to be determined; firſt, at what temperature a cubic foot of water weighs exactly 1000 ounces avoirdupois; and, 2dly, Whether the dilatations produced by ſucceſſive degrees of heat are proportional to the degrees that produce them. This laſt point has indeed been handled by others, but with different views; and their determinations are not eaſily applicable to the preſent queſtion.

To examine this matter experimentally, I ordered a hollow tinned iron cone to be made, of four inches diameter in the baſe, $\frac{1}{10}$ of an inch diameter in the ſummit inſide, and 10 inches perpendicular height, whoſe ſolid contents ſhould be 42,961 cubic inches; but by a ſlight diminution of the diameter, and a protuberance ariſing from the ſoldering, I found it to contain, in the temperature of 62°, but 42,731 cubic inches, according to the eſtimation of 1000 ounces to the cubic foot; and having filled it by immerſion in boiling water, and taken it up at different degrees of heat, and weighed it when cold, I found its contents as expreſſed in the following table; the firſt column of which

which ſhows the degrees of heat at which it was taken up; the ſecond, the weight of the water contained in it; the third, the diminution of weight occaſioned by thoſe degrees of heat; the fourth, the ſum of the diminutions of weight in the cubic foot, by the preceding degrees of heat; the fifth, ſhows the weight of a cubic inch of water in each of thoſe degrees of heat; and the ſixth, the augmentation of bulk in the cubic foot by every 20° of heat. The horizontal lines, marked thus *, I have added from the experiments of Mr Bladh, in the Memoirs of the Academy of Stockholm for the year 1776; whoſe determinations, as far as they reached, agreed very nearly with mine. The water I found was common water well boiled and filtered. The experiments were for the moſt part three times repeated, and the difference in each trial amounted to a very few grains.

I. Degrees.	II. Contents of the cone in grains.	III. Dimin. in grains.	IV. Sum of dim. in a cu. foot.	V. Weight of a cubic inch.	VI. Increaſe in cubic inches.	
			Grs.			
212	10418,75	29,5	16589	243,8	4,892	
202	10448,25	77,5	15354	244,51	12,818	
182	10525,75	71,75	12133	246,33	11,533	
162	10596,00	62,60	9171	247,97	10,209	
142	10658,60	56,15	6602	249,43	9,103	
122	10714,75	49,00	4310	250,75	7,920	
102	10763,75	35,5	2226	251,89	5,7	
82	10799,25	19,5	788	252,72	3,120	
*75	-	-	-	252,8	-	
*70	-	-	-	252,97	-	
*66	-	-	-	253,06	-	
62	10818,75	0	0	253,182	0	Total increaſe of
*56	-	-	-	253,3	-	bulk from 62° to
		Increaſe	Increaſe			212°=65,327 cu-
*50	-	-	-	253,46	-	bic inches.
					Decreaſe	Total from 36° to
42	10830,75	12	485,3	253,463	1,936	212=67,327 cu-
*36,5	-	-		253,5	0,064	bic inches.

Hence we ſee, that a cubic foot of water weighs 485,3 grains more at 42° than at 62°, and conſequently is equal to 1001,109 avoirdupois ounces; and in the temperature of 82° it weighs leſs than at 62° by 788,5 grains, and therefore is equal to 998,198 onnces. At the boiling point it wants 16589 grains, or 37,915 ounces of the weight it poſſeſſes at 62°; and conſequently weighs but 962,085 ounces, &c.

In this calculation I take no account of the difference ariſing from the expanſion of the veſſel, it being only 0,067 of an inch at the boiling point; for, according to Bouguer, iron is dilated 0,0005 of its bulk from the freezing to the boiling point; conſequently 42,961 cubic inches gain only 0,067 of an inch, augmenting the diameter and perpendi-

cular

cular height of this frustum of a cone at the boiling point in that proportion.

Hence also we see, that the expansions of water are not proportional to the degrees of heat; for by 20 degrees of heat from 62° to 82° a cubic foot of water is dilated only 3,12 inches, but by the next 20 degrees of heat, that is, from 82° to 102°, it is expanded 5,7 inches, &c.

Mr Bladh found the volume of water at 32° to be equal to that at 53°,6; but that this irregular expansion ceased at 36°6, and, according to Mr de Luc (who first discovered it) at 43°.

As the expansion of liquids by equal degrees of heat is much greater than that of solids, it happens, that the specific gravities of the same solid taken at different temperatures will be different; and what appears more extraordinary, the same solid will appear specifically heavier in higher than in lower temperatures; for the same volume of water being lighter in higher than in lower temperatures, the solid will lose less of its weight in it in the former than in the latter case. This mistake we may remedy by inspecting the fifth column of the foregoing table and the following analogy: as the weight of a cubic inch of water at the temperature of 62° is to the weight of a cubic inch of water at *n* degrees of temperature; so is the specific gravity found at *n* degrees of temperature to that which will be found at 62°.

Thus, if 1000 grains of iron be weighed in water of the temperature of 62°, and it loses therein 13,333 grains, if the same piece of iron be weighed in water of the temperature of 75°, it will lose but 13,313 grains; for the losses of weight will be as the weights of equal volumes of water at those temperatures, which, as we have seen, are as 253,18 to 252,8; therefore, its specific gravity in water of the temperature of 62° will be 7,49; and in water of the temperature of 75°. 7,511; but we may correct this by the above analogy, for ∺ 253,8 . 252,18 :: 7,511 . 7,49.

By this means we obtain the advantage of discovering the true weight of a cubic foot of any substance whose specific gravity is known, which it is now plain cannot be known when bodies are hydrostatically weighed at any temperature a few degrees above or below 62°, without such reduction, or subtracting the quantities in the fourth column.

This method is equally applicable, and with equal necessity, to other means of finding specific gravities, as aerometers, the comparison of the weights of equal measures of liquids, the different losses of weight of the same solid when weighed in different liquids, &c. In all which cases the weight of water at 62°, or the loss of weight of a solid in water at 62°, should be found by the above analogy.

Dr Hales and some others have estimated the weight of a cubic inch of water at 254 grains; which is an evident mistake, as it is true in no degree of temperature, and produces an error of more than three ounces in the cubic foot. *Phil. Trans.*

On the State of the English Drama.

IF improvement was ever any part of the aim of those who write for the stage, that intention is altogether dropped now.—Perhaps there was a time when men wrote as willing to mend the taste and rectify the morals of their hearers, and when the audience resorted as to a place from whence they might depart bettered. ——But there is no such thing now. —I am singular, I believe, in my opinion; but it will not be overlooked on

on that account, for ſingularity is the very ſoul of modern metaphyſics. It has been long thought vulgar to walk in the beaten tract; and therefore ſome have rendered their names famous in the annals of philoſophy for purſuits, which at a better period of Engliſh literature, would have ſcarcely ſcreened them from the imputation of fools. Perhaps my ſingularity of opinion, with regard to the theatre, may be as ill-founded as theirs—but take my word for it, it will be as obſtinately maintained on my ſide.—You have never been in London—You have never had occaſion to ſee the ſtate of the drama—You have read many of the beſt writings, and unluckily both for you and me; we have made Shakeſpeare too much our favourite. You have heard by tranſient report, that the taſte of the town, in as far as it relates to the drama, is ſadly vitiated; but diſtanced as you are from the ſcene of action, you cannot underſtand how this happens. If you credit the moſt common printed reports, there never was a period when genius ſhone with greater ſplendour, or when our plays abounded more in ſterling ſenſe, fund of wit, elegance of language, or when they were better decorated by the exertions of performers. You have indeed been told that this was not the caſe; but immediately after, perhaps on the back of the ſame page, you are informed, that ſuch reports are malicious, and little to the credit of thoſe who could fabricate them.

Be not, however, deceived or perplexed by ſuch contradictory opinions. They are the muſhrooms of the day that wither in the very growth, and have here no more attention paid to them by people of ſenſe than the gazette-intelligence of a ſtreet-hawker—or the victories and defeats at Change Alley. I have been at pains ſince my arrival to mark the progreſs of dramatic merit; I have talked on the ſubject with ſome who helped to make an audience when Garrick made his firſt appearance, and who have been at pains to note the ſeveral ſteps as well as the height they led to.

Genius and an enthuſiaſm for the obſervation of nature ſeem the requiſites for a dramatic pen. But every man cannot poſſeſs theſe. Every man cannot be a poet—Every poet cannot write a good tragedy. Yet a poetical fancy is all they now poſſeſs who enter on the hazardous undertaking of ſtepping into the company of Shakeſpeare. Smooth, eaſy periods, mechanically contrived for ſtage effect—pompous language to familiar ideas and trite ſentiments, with a nice attention to the unities of time and place, compoſe the vices and virtues of modern tragedy. The plots are monſtrouſly ſhocking, if not improbable; and affect the feelings of the hearers as the ſight of a butcher ſlaughtering an innocent lamb—create horror—a painful ſenſation; but by no means productive of profitable ſympathy, or that ſerious application to our own hearts, which muſt be the foundation of any inſtruction derived from fictitious writings. The reaſon is very obvious, nature is deſerted. We *make* paſſions for the ſtage, inſtead of copying thoſe in real life. Jealouſy has given a plot to half the tragedies of this century; a paſſion ſo rare in private experience, that we ſhould not have known its exiſtence, but for the murderous deeds which we are told it occaſions. You are ſurpriſed to hear me mention that jealouſy is not common; but the inſtances are ſo rare, that we find them only on record in the Newgate Calender, where an unhappy wretch or two aſſaſſinates a friend on ſome ſlight ſuſpicions. And is this entertainment for a Britiſh audience? Would not a ſtranger reaſonably ſuppoſe that this was our national weakneſs—"the ſin that moſt eaſily beſets us?" Errors in the ſubjects I reckon as one

of

of the principal defects. If tragedies are written with a view to profit (and for a little I shall suppose they are) their subjects must be the vices and most common causes of ruin in the nation and age wherein they are to be performed. As for jealousy, I think Othello and the Revenge anticipate every thing that may hereafter be said on the subject. I do not mean to place these on a footing as to merit, but as specimens of this class of subjects, and one taken from the best, the other from the worst, rank of writers. In the one, I mean in Shakespeare's, there is as much attention to nature and the ways of men, as in the other, and every other since, there has been paid to correctness of measure, preservation of unities, and that insipid purity of manner which "cribbs and confines" true genius. In this country perhaps the best subjects for tragedy would be the effects of the various kinds of dissipation that prevail. Gaming, which has called the attention of only I believe one author, might give an ample fund of subject to a man who had genius, and wished to profit and please at the same time. It is not our crimes, properly (I mean commonly) so called, that will do for representation. Murder, robbery, and suicide, are by no means to be prevented by any such exposition. But those fashionable follies (I give them the mildest name) that lead by imperceptible, yet sure degrees to misery, these might, with success, be the subject of a dramatic pen. Of these I may add (to gaming) neglect of education, especially in the female sex, constraining the inclinations of children in the choice of marriage, or professional employment, mercenary views in the choice of husband or wife, with many others.

Hoc fonte derivata clades
In patriam populumque ruit.

Next to the choice of an unprofitable subject, I would object to choosing only one incident. An author forms the design of a tragic piece thus: "My hero must have left his parents when young; and when he returns and is not known to both or either parent, he occasions such jealousy, as is productive of two or three deaths; or, if one will serve, a marriage will be very properly appended." The piece opens with the rising sun, and two men enter to inform the audience what the author would have them to understand, and what they are to expect: we see by the first act, that one passion, one incident, is the whole we have to attend to; and as we have amply foreseen the event, the rest of our attention is directed to the language, and perhaps for one night kept up by curiosity. An absurd concatenation of circumstances takes place in order to bring the matter to a conclusion, exactly at the end of three hours, or five acts, when every thing takes place just as we foresaw at the beginning, and the marriage of those saved from carnage, together with the view of the dead bodies (if none of the deceased have tossed themselves into the sea), forms a spectacle neither serious nor comic, but from a mixture of both perfectly absurd. Were we to examine our own feelings, this would appear evident on all occasions; but, Lord help us, it would be too much fatigue to judge for ourselves.

This huddled-together plot takes place in many of the best tragedies on our modern list, and seems to me to proceed from what is called an attention to the unities of time and place; which attention I do not hesitate to affirm is productive of more improbabilities and nonsense, than the greatest poverty of genius or invention. In endeavouring to adhere to these unities, our view was to preserve probability; but instead of that, we have fallen into downright impossibilities. It is improbable that a man should sail from Venice to Cyprus while an overture is playing; but the author

never means it as a probability, and when the scene is shifted, our thoughts are as naturally attentive and present in Cyprus as they were in Venice. But to obtrude on us events as facts, which in the common course of human things it is monstrous to suppose possible, shocks our judgment; and did we give ourselves time to reflect, would excite disgust. But if a G—— or a B—— *fall well*, as it is called, it is no great matter with many whether it was in compliance with sense, nature, or the time allotted for representation.

This was not the case with Shakespeare. He knew that the ways of Providence were equal, and that to crowd the events of three years into as many hours, would not only be contrary to nature, but cramp his own genius. His plots are by no means intricate or marvellous. You are not astonished, nor yet are you apprised of any event before it takes place in due succession. His plays are composed of a series of events, not to one main instructive point, but to many. Each of these when taken by itself affords a lesson and matter for reflection; and when we hear it, the appeal it makes to our own feelings is so forcible, that we pronounce its striking resemblance to the ways of nature and of man. Most of his characters are perfectly drawn; and it has been one of the most pleasing tasks to a thinking mind to analyze and compare these with what now-a-days occur in our own observation. No better proof of their exalted merit needs be given than their success both on the stage and in the closet, both when adorned by the powers of favourite performers, and when examined with the cool judgment of a philosophical hour. Not so with our modern tragedies—Excepting a very few (not a dozen in this century) if we read them once, it is perhaps part of our duty from peculiarity of taste or situation, but we never wish to see them again. The matter lies here——Shakespeare copied nature and nature only—Shakespeare had a most extensive, almost supernatural genius—And every writer since his time has acknowledged that he made nature his mistress. Yet Shakespeare has been so little the subject of imitation, that there does not now exist in our language (written in this century) one single tragedy that bears the smallest resemblance to any of his, whether with respect to language, plots, or manner of treatment. For my part, I despair to see a tragedy written in the manner of Shakespeare—as this is the case, you may think, and with truth, that I despair to see a good tragedy at all. I do not blame want of all possible exertions in those who have applied themselves to the business of writing tragedies; but I lament that want of genius that is so indispensably necessary, in order to give a finished picture of human actions, which will, whether in the closet or stage, awaken suitable feelings. I do not measure the pathos of tragedy from the number of tears produced now a-days. The Italian *delicatezza* is so prevalent among us, that we have a tear ready whether a hero or a sparrow falls. To a man of your learning I need not define genius, tho' we feel its absence more forcibly than we can give any definition of its presence. Why is it that the characters in these tragedies want variety, but because they have not attended to the characters of real life; and penetration in this respect I look on as a part of the genius I have been speaking of? Why is it that their plots disgust us, if not because they have not studied the verisimilitude of human events? When we take a piece of history as the foundation of our poem, we are at liberty to embellish, while we preserve the truth, and perhaps in that embellishment

ment humour the prevailing taſte in poetry; but he who creates incidents, as well as perſons, muſt have a very juſt conception of the ways of Providence, not to fall into palpable—perhaps impious abſurdities.

Why is it that I find a paſſion attempted to be deſcribed, yet in ſuch faint colours, that I could not recogniſe the identity, if it were not for the actor, whom the author has properly inſtructed in his meaning? This I call the want of genius, or rather I am inclined to call it want of ſenſibility. They who are the ſlaves of paſſion, it is true, ſeem often to ſuffer a ſpeechleſs agony from them; yet their words, when they find utterance, are ſtrongly expreſſive of what paſſes within them. He muſt be intimately acquainted with the human heart, who can give becoming language to a weeping parent for a dying child—to a tyrant under the preſſure of remorſe and diſappointment—to a ſon when he firſt diſcovers a mother to whom he was a ſtranger, and has all at once the tender feelings of duty and affection ruſhing on him like an overpowering torrent.—But here Shakeſpeare's genius appears with a degree of ſplendour, to which we are inclined to give the epithet *preternatural*, for we have ſeldom ſince ſeen any thing like.—There never was a perſon in any of the ſituations he deſcribes that could not adopt his language, and that did not feel it in moſt perfect uniſon to what they felt——As for theſe, if any ſuch there ſtill are, who dwell on the faults of Shakeſpeare with an envious pleaſure, I conſign them to their dullneſs; but in all my reading, which on this ſubject has been unlimited, I never yet heard an objection to Shakeſpeare, that could not be accounted for from the whim and ignorance of the perſon who made it—or if the complaint was juſt, it was to be imputed to the age he lived in, or to his want of a claſſical education. It is much to be regretted that men of genius have been obliged to temporize with the bad taſte of the times they lived in——Shakeſpeare did ſo in ſome circumſtances, and Dryden has ſpoiled all his tragedies by his rhimes; for in his days it was the rage to follow Corneille or Racine, amiable patterns for lovers of nature! *Weſt. M.*

A Catalogue of the Materials or Utenſils neceſſary in the Manufacture of a NOVEL.

THE three grand wheels upon which every machine of this ſort moves are, love, diſappointment, and marriage. But the ſubdiviſions of theſe are many. In the firſt place, gentle reader, if you incline to write a novel, you muſt provide yourſelf with

CHARMS.—Of theſe a very large collection is neceſſary. Your heroes muſt have *charms*, your heroines muſt have *charms*, every thing you deſcribe muſt have *charms*, and every thing you do not deſcribe muſt have *charms*. If your hero be a rake, which nine caſes out of ten heroes are, he muſt have a double portion of charms; his perſon, his mien, his manner, his voice, his converſation, and even his vices, muſt be ſo charming, as to enable him not only to ruin the heroine of the piece, but alſo make impreſſions on the heroines that read your deſcriptions of him. It is an eſtabliſhed rule in novels, that rakes ſhould be charming men; and truly, if a heroine be to loſe her virtue, why not to a charming man as well as to an ugly one? Beſides, you cannot ſuppoſe—indeed it would be quite

quite *anti-ſentimental*, that any heroine ſhould fall a ſacrifice to a hump back, one eye, or a wooden leg.

FLOWERY PATHS AND VARIEGATED WALKS.—When you wiſh that your lovers ſhould meet together, *flowery paths and variegated walks* are the moſt fit for your purpoſe, and the moſt faſhionable. Nothing can be more vulgar than to make love in a houſe, with the eternal clack of ſervants, the noiſe of clumſy footmen, and the ſqualling of the family-cats, not to ſpeak of unſeaſonable interruptions. But who would not prefer the ſweet, delightful rumbling of the rivulets, and the babbling beauties of the cryſtal ſtream? They ſerve too as accompaniments to the language of love; although, heaven knows, there is in many ſuch caſes harmony enough without them; and where the fond pair, after marriage, falls into diſcord, as the fondeſt pairs ſometimes may, the babbling of ſtreams proves as uſeleſs and diſguſting as the babbling of tongues. In ſome novels, I find that ſtreams and rivers anſwer a third purpoſe; I mean, as proper places into which a deſpairing ſwain may throw himſelf; always let it be provided that he is only apparently drowned. If a heroine happens to faint, a very common accident in novels, particularly in *tete-a-tetes*, it is convenient to have water at hand to ſprinkle on her face, without alarming the family.

BREEZES.—Theſe are a ſort of poetical poſt-horſes, which you muſt never be without. When your lovers are not permitted to converſe with each other in perſon, which in novels is a very common hardſhip, theſe *breezes* and *gentle zephyrs* muſt *waft the tender plaints*. Beſides, this contrivance ſaves letter-writing, a talent which may not always be at hand. But you are not to reſt ſatisfied with *breezes*; your lovers are not to carry on their matters in a perfect calm; you muſt ſometimes commence Æolus, and ſend out the winds in full blow. In caſe of elopements, for inſtance, a good ſtorm may not be amiſs; it gives an excellent opportunity for an animated deſcription. It is my duty, however, to remind you of ſome egregious miſtakes that have crept into novels on this head. One poor ignorant writer—for writers ſometimes may be ignorant—gives a thunder-ſtorm at Chriſtmas, and plunges his hero knee-deep in ſnow during the dog-days. Here is a precious fellow to be truſted with wind, rain, hail, thunder, and lightening! But, as a punſter would ſay, take care that your winter, ſummer, ſpring, and autumn, be ſeaſonable.

TENDER PASSIONS;—a great aſſortment. All your *paſſions* muſt be *tender*; ſprinkle them thick on every page. But if your *tender* paſſions ſhould happen to prove *violent* ones to your readers, tell them to have recourſe to

SENTIMENTS. Without theſe, nothing can be done; with them, nothing can be difficult.

FOOTMEN.—A very uſeful kind of men: Occaſionally your heroine, even your principal heroine, may make a ſmall miſtake with one of theſe; but that cannot be accounted a matter of very great conſequence. If you provide her with plenty of ſenſibility and fine feelings, your readers will not complain, although you ſhould ſend off the poor lady with the butler on the coach-horſe.

BOSOMS.—In the deſcription of your heroine, every part, according to cuſtom, muſt be taken in; but the boſom, which is the immediate ſeat of war, the ſtorehouſe of hopes, fears, jealouſies, &c. muſt have the fineſt exertions of the deſcriptive genius. No heroine can have above one boſom; but then it muſt be *fluttering*, and *trembling*, and *palpitating*, *riſing* and *falling*, like mercury in a weather-glaſs. As to the conſtruction of it, it may be of alabaſter; not ſo hard,

hard, however, nor so unfeeling, unless in the first volume, in your chapter of Cruelties.

Maiden Aunts.—These you will find particularly useful in plaguing the young folks, and bringing about all those hair-breadth 'scapes and embarrassments which are to be recorded in the body of your novel. Make the aunts very ugly, old, capricious, fond of snuff and methodism. N. B. If they drink gin, you'll find your advantage in it.

Generosity.—The principal virtue, and the excuse for the want of every other; it hides a multitude of sins, and it must be your fault if it should not be wanted.

Loves and Graces.—These may be placed in the eyes, or the nose, or the lips, or the dimples of the cheeks, or the head-dress, or any where else; but do not be sparing of them. The picking up of a fan *avec grace* has occasioned great revolutions in love affairs; and often, in novels, has gone farther to procure a young lady's heart than a life of real merit, or a year of humble assiduous attention. Swearing *avec grace* is the only way in which swearing never fails to be agreeable. Cutting up an absent character, or a fowl at dinner, *avec grace*, or performing any other duties of the table *avec grace*, may have great effect. By *grace* I do not mean *godliness*—no—no—that would be no *great gain* to novelists.

Colonels.—Let your officers belong to the guards, and swear bloody oaths; let their valour be shown in the ball-room, their elegance in an imprecation, and their honour at the card-table. Of all others, it is most genteel to have colonels. There is something pretty in the name. If you be inclined that the heroine should be ruined, one of them may be employed; or if any differences remain to be settled in an amicable manner, no set of men, in novels, are more ready to cut a throat handsomely.

Angels *and* Divinities.—These are your *earthly supernaturals*, formed by a kind of union of mortal and immortal, as if heaven and earth were coming together. Your heroes must be *angels* throughout the whole piece, and just before marriage *divinities*. After marriage, you are not obliged to mind what they may be. Fallen angels are not uncommon, and false divinities are as plenty as playhouse thunder.

Country Squires:—Very useful in their way. Remember, that they must be rich, fond of ale and toast, and acquainted with no book but Burn's Justice. Their language may be Yorkshire or Somersetshire. It will pass for wit, and as such will pass for what you may want.

Sorrow-steeped Couches.—A newly invented machine, of great service. Formerly the dull dogs of Novelists used to have their catastrophes on common couches, but of late it has been contrived that they should be *steeped* in sorrow; since which improvement the state has reaped great advantages, especially at a time like this, when men are so much wanted. —*Sorrow-steeped couches!* How enchanting the sound! not but what there may, in a degenerate age like the present, be some ears on which the epithet will grate harshly; there is some comfort, however, in reflecting, that it was not made for vulgar ears. By the bye, it appears from this, that *sorrow* is a *fluid*, although its precise composition may be still involved in obscurity. Other novelists have differed concerning the *fluidity* of sorrow, and I think it admits of very much to be said on both sides. In one novel, we have *couches steeped* in sorrow, and ladies *drowned* in sorrow; and, in another, we find the lovers *melted* with sorrow; by which it appears to have some properties

perties not pertaining to fluids: And it is not uncommon to hear of them being *depressed* with sorrow, which seems to imply that sorrow is a *solid* body. I heartily wish that these inconsistencies could be avoided, and the *natural history* of sorrow more clearly ascertained. To say, that sorrow depresses the mind, or weighs down the soul, is using metaphorical expressions conveying a just and obvious idea; but when *couches* are said to be *steeped* in sorrow, it puzzles us exceedingly to know what is meant. If heroines be to be described with such a quantity of tears as to *steep* a couch, which is a very large piece of furniture, we cannot wonder if we are next told that the tea-table was afloat, and the cannister on a voyage to the tea-pot. Be this as it may, *couches* of one kind or of another are absolutely necessary; and by absolute necessity, I mean that they are universally introduced in novels. Does Lindamira weep? 'Tis on a couch—Does Belville despair? He lies on a couch—Does Madam faint? 'Tis on a couch—Does the gentleman set himself down in a pet? 'Tis on a couch—Do the lovers come together? 'Tis on a couch—Do they play naughty tricks? 'Tis on a couch—Does the parent discover their intimacy? 'Tis on a couch—As the practice, then, is so general, I hope you will see your interest in providing each room with a couch. If you make your personages to sit down on common hair-bottom chairs, I beg your pardon, but, indeed, you may as well place them on wheel-barrows.

SOFTNESSES.—These I cannot define; they are common, however, and you must make use of them. They generally accompany the *sorrow-steeped couches*. There is a local sympathy. If you wish to strike out something original, you may steep the beds, &c. and the rest of the furniture in sorrow. It cannot fail of having an excellent effect on that class of readers who esteem a novel in proportion to its compliment of calamities, and expect a tear to drop from the very nose of a pair of bellows. I grant, however, that it is very difficult for a man of a lively, cheerful, or humorous disposition, to keep *steeping*, and *steeping*, for three or four volumes.

HARTSHORN DROPS.—These are a very proper appendix to the couches. You must, however, consult some eminent perfumer concerning the most fashionable cordial drops; for I am not well convinced of the propriety of *hartshorn*. I have seen them used by such vulgar people, that it is impossible there should be *sentiment* in them.

REVERIES.—If you cannot throw your heroes into these, you may occasionally fall into them yourself. They are useful as stop-gaps, and form an excellent apology for want of invention. The proper time for any of the lovers to fall into them is just after reading a letter, whether of good or bad import; or after a discovery of any kind, or an unexpected meeting; of which there are many in novels. Reveries are seldom difficult of composition, there being a certain set of phrases in common use which do not appear to pall on the imagination of readers, for they endure them in every novel. A few of these are, "Is it possible?"—"Can my eyes deceive me?"—"Can I believe my own eyes?"—"Am I awake?"—"Down, down, my heart."—"Do I dream?"—"Merciful powers!"—"Ye gods!"—"Damnation!"—"Ha! what do I see?"—"'Tis wonderful!"—"Confusion!"—"Then farewell."—"Curse my stupid head." With several others too tedious to mention.

IDEAS.—Whatever your own ideas may be, you know it to be a rule that the ideas of lovers should resemble those of madmen. If the ideas of your lovers be not confused,

 there

there will be no making any thing of them.

PARADISE.—This is usually placed between the heroine's arms. If you wish to be witty at the expence of delicacy, you may give what would be called a devilish good joke about *Paradise Lost and Regained in sheets.*

HEAVEN.—Novelists differ as to the exact situation of *heaven*. Some have it in the *eyes*, some in the *smiles*, some in the *legs*, and some in the *ancles*; some in one place, and some in another. But it is agreed by all, that

HELL—is in the *frown*, consequently depends much on the eyebrows. You may find it perhaps often necessary to put your hero into *hell* before he get to the heaven destined for him in the fourth or last volume. Do not keep him here, however, too long, for fear of accidents.

CHAINS AND GALLING FETTERS.—As lovers are commonly supposed insane, or liable to escape, we find that they have been generally *bound in fetters*. Be sure your chains be strong: the most durable are made of gold; for there never was a lover known to break through these. From the expressions concerning *chains and fetters*, one would imagine that love were a sort of prison, and that lovers could only be liberated by a sort of *habeas corpus* act. But indeed metaphor is very bold now-a-days. If a man is in love, he is in *chains*; if his mistress smile upon him, he is in *heaven*; if she frown, he is in *hell*; if she be absent, he is in *flames*; if she look towards him, he is *pierced* with a *dart*; if she look from him, he is *stabbed*.

JE NE SCAI QUOI.—When you wish to describe something that has existence only in your own brain, from which you cannot extract it, or that perhaps has no existence at all, you may make use of this phrase. It is one of those happy excuses for ignorance, or unwillingness to explain, with which modern science is greatly embarrassed. Physicians have their *nervous system*; philosophers their *lusus naturæ*, and novelists their *je ne scai quoi*. I do not, however, mean to insinuate, that *je ne scai quoi* is only a covert for ignorance. No—perish the illiberal thought! It is often used as a cloak for what all know well enough, but do not choose to discover or make plain. A learned novelist observes of his lovers, "that there was a *je ne scai quoi* which attracted them to each other;" but as he had not thought proper to be more explicit, I will not be impertinent in obtruding my opinion of this *je ne scai quoi*.

DAMNATION!—An expression of resignation to the will of heaven, very much recommended by some eminent novelists, and may occasionally be of great service in company with *fire and furies! blood and thunder!* and other marks of sensibility.

GROSVENOR-SQUARE.—Your lovers, if in town, must lodge in this place. As there must be a something very tender and *sentimental* in the manner of your hero and heroine, so there must be the same sentimental something in the names of certain parts of the town which give them a preference. A considerable part of the west end of the town is sentimental; Grosvenor-square, St James's-street, Berkeley-square, are remarkably so. Never allow your lovers to reside in the city. Monstrous! how would it sound, "that the amiable Maria lodged near the pump at Aldgate;" or "that Sir George's carriage stopped at a house in Puddle-dock." Nothing east of Temple-bar has *sentiment* enough for a novel-lover. Who would think of weeping for the distresses of Clerkenwell, or the sensibilities of Spital-fields? Who would bow to a goddess of Cripplegate, or die for the love of a lady from

from the Clinkward, Southwark? Fie! Fie! let no ſuch names contaminate your page.

SWORDS AND PISTOLS.—A duel is an elegant epiſode: but according to the modern practice of duelling, the leſs bloodſhed you cauſe, the more natural the deſcription.

OATHS AND INTERJECTIONS.—The beauty, propriety, and uſefulneſs of oaths in company, I hope none will diſpute. In an unbelieving age like the preſent, it is neceſſary to convince them we ſpeak to, that what we ſay is truth; confidence between man and man loſes ground daily, and if it were not for oaths, no buſineſs nor converſation could be carried on. Hence in Novels, where there is ſo much of very uncertain authority, it cannot be wondered that oaths are very common. Grief too not being eaſily communicable upon paper, it is neceſſary to uſe the interjections Oh! Ah! &c. It may be ſaid, indeed, that a frequent repetition of interjections deſtroys the effects. In each volume, however, may ſafely be uſed,

MY GODS,	*Twenty-nine.*
GOOD GODS,	*Seventeen.*
GREAT GODS, and GODS OF HEAVEN,	*Ten.*
Total	*Fifty-ſix.*
AH!s, OH!s and Alas!s,	*Three hundred and fifty-ſeven.*

Weſt. M.

On the Truth of Fact and Truth of Nature.

OF the numerous writers on truth, I know none who hath yet obſerved that the truth perceivable to human reaſon may be reduced to two kinds; truth of fact, and truth of nature.

Before I proceed further, allow me to tell you an anecdote.

Sir Walter Raleigh, when confined in the Tower, had prepared the ſecond volume of his immortal hiſtory for the preſs. He was ſtanding at the window of his apartment, ruminating on the office of an hiſtorian, and on the ſacred regard which he ought to pay to truth, when of a ſudden his attention was excited by an uproar in the court, into which his proſpect was directed. He ſaw one man ſtrike another, whom by his dreſs he judged an officer, and who, drawing his ſword, run the aſſailant through the body; who did not, however, fall till he had knocked down the officer with his fiſt. The officer was inſtantly ſeized, while lying ſenſeleſs, and carried away by the ſervants of juſtice; while at the ſame time the body of the man he had murdered wa borne off by ſome perſons apparently his friends, who, with great difficulty, pierced through the vaſt crowd that was now gathered around.

Next day an acquaintance of Sir Walter called on him; a man of whoſe ſevere probity and honour Sir Walter was convinced from innumerable proofs, and rated his friendſhip accordingly. Raleigh, after their firſt compliments, told the ſtory of yeſterday's fray; which had impreſſed him deeply, as being a ſpectator of the whole affair. What was his ſurpriſe, when his friend told him that he was perfectly miſtaken in his whole ſtory! That his officer was no officer, but a ſervant of a foreign ambaſſador; that this apparent officer gave the firſt blow: that he did not draw his ſword, but the other drew it, and it was wreſted out of his hands, but not till after he had run its owner through the body with it: that after this, a foreigner in the mob knocked the murderer down, in order that he ſhould not eſcape: that ſome foreigners had carried off the ſervant's body: and that orders had arrived from court for the murderer to be tried inſtantly, and no favour ſhown,

ſhown, as the perſon murdered was one of the principal attendants of the Spaniſh ambaſſador. "Sir," ſays Raleigh, "allow me to ſay, that, though I may be miſtaken as to the officerſhip of the murderer, yet I know of a certainty, that all my other circumſtances are ſtrictly true; becauſe I was a ſpectator of the whole tranſaction, which paſſed on that very ſpot oppoſite, where you ſee a ſtone of the pavement a little raiſed above the reſt." "Sir Walter," ſays the friend, "upon that very ſtone did I ſtand during the whole affair, and received this little ſcratch in my cheek, in wreſting the ſword out of the fellow's hand: and as I ſhall anſwer to God, you are totally miſtaken." "You grow warm, my friend, let us talk of other matters," ſaid Sir Walter; and, after ſome other converſation, his friend departed.

Raleigh took up the manuſcript of the ſecond volume of his hiſtory, then juſt completed: "How many falſehoods are here?" ſaid he. "If I cannot judge of the truth of an event that paſſes under my eyes, how ſhall I truly narrate thoſe which have paſſed thouſands of years before my birth, or even thoſe that have happened ſince my exiſtence? Truth, I ſacrifice to thee!" The fire was already feeding on his invaluable work, the labour of years; and he calmly ſat till it was utterly conſumed, and the ſable ghoſt of the laſt leaf flitted up the chimney.

From this anecdote I illuſtrate an opinion, which I have always held, that there is no ſuch thing as truth of fact, or hiſtorical truth, known to man. Hiſtory is merely a ſpecies of romance, founded on events which really happened; but the bare events as ſtated by chronologiſts are alone true; their cauſes, circumſtances, and effects, as detailed by hiſtorians, depend entirely on the fancy of the relater. Of other truths none are poſitive to man, ſave thoſe ſubject to his ſenſes; and even theſe are fallacious, though the truths they affirm are poſitive *as to us*: to ſuperior beings, our truths are no doubt falſehoods.

From this obſervation, however, a certain ſpecies of truth, which conſiſts in the relation and connection of things, muſt be exempted; providing this may be called poſitive truth: I mean truth of nature, or that univerſal truth to be found in poetry and works of fiction. This conſiſts in the propriety and conſiſtence of event, of character, of ſentiment, of language, to be found in ſuch works. Want of ſuch propriety and conſiſtence always ſtrikes even a common reader as *falſe* and abſurd. Were Achilles, inſtead of fighting Hector, to fall on his knees, and beg for his life, the incident would ſtrike every one as contrary to *truth* of character. I need not uſe any more inſtances to illuſtrate my meaning; though I doubt you will think it rather an uncommon remark, that the whole truth known to man, and not ſubject to his ſenſes, muſt be found only in works of fiction. Truth was not made for man, nor man for truth. He is the mere creature of falſehood; on falſehood depend his being, his paſſions, his happineſs.

By the truth of nature, you will perceive, I mean that repreſented and imitated by art. For when we ſay that an event or character drawn by a painter or poet is not *true*, is not *in nature*, we imply that art hath relinquiſhed nature: art and nature are therefore, in this inſtance, almoſt ſynonymous terms; for we refer the repreſentations of art to that idea of univerſal nature, which every mind acquires, in a greater or ſmaller degree, from being daily converſant in her works.

A character may, however, be drawn out of the uſual progreſs of nature, and yet have truth; as the Caliban of Shakeſpeare. In this,

 fancy,

fancy, comparing certain ideas of utter rudeneſs of human nature, blended with the beſtial and demonic, the two firſt drawn from real nature, the latter from a continuity of ſimilar notions of theſe ſupernatural beings, handed down from ages of ignorance to ages of refinement, compoſes, from uniting theſe ideas, a certain ſtandard of fitneſs and propriety of character, which is here applied inſtead of the grand ſtandard of nature. This ſingular character is *true to itſelf*, offends no idea of propriety, yet is not in nature.

Of truth of nature, taken in a large ſenſe as applicable to the grand works of nature, man can only judge in ſo far as thoſe concern him. It is the nature of the ſun to produce heat; but, were it in time to poſſeſs the oppoſite quality, we could not ſay that *nature was falſe*, but that her effects varied. Were we told that the rays of the ſun were eſſentially cold, but have the power to effect heat; we cannot prove the propoſition wrong; we only judge from our feelings that the ſun warms us: and the wiſdom that would go further is folly; for any prerogative of nature that manifeſts not its exiſtence to us, we may boldly ſay hath no exiſtence. The Herſchelian planet certainly did not exiſt to us till it was diſcovered, though it was ever an attendant of our ſyſtem. How fit we are to judge of the truth of the works of nature, may be inferred from the ſermon of the Cordelier, who deſired his audience to admire the ſuperlative wiſdom and goodneſs of God, who always makes the greateſt rivers to paſs by the greateſt cities.

On the Scale of Fame.

I HAVE heard it ſeriouſly debated in converſation, that it is impoſſible for any writer to obtain a falſe fame, and that celebrity muſt ever be the fruit of ſome proportionable merit. This opinion, as falſe as it is plauſible, deſerves a confutation at ſome length from its important conſequences to the intereſts of literature.

The fame of a good writer reſembles the deſcent of a pyramid, moſt minute at firſt, but ſwelling to an enormous baſe, which ſtands firm as the earth, and defies every tempeſt, and even the ſilent waſte of time. Falſe fame reſembles the pyramid likewiſe in every thing but its durability; but in another view, for it riſes from a broad baſe, and tapers to nothing. Hence that applauſe, which is wide at firſt, is very ſeldom laſting; and durable reputation almoſt always ſprings from very minute beginnings.

A good writer is ſeldom or never popular at firſt. His ideas are ſo much out of the common line, that he is not underſtood, much leſs taſted, by the mob of his day. True judges, men of real ſcience, are always his firſt admirers from congeniality of mind; and his fame, when ſwelled to a vaſt river, is yet of the utmoſt purity, becauſe its ſources are clear. The applauſe of true judges is the only living fame which a writer of true taſte can reliſh. When popular acclamation riſes around him, he will be ready to ſay, with that ancient Greek, upon hearing an unexpected roar of praiſe from the populace, whom he was addreſſing, *Have I ſaid a fooliſh thing?*

The opinion of men of learning always leads the mob, when it hath had a proper period to operate: the opinion of the mob is ſeldom or never that of men of learning; and in no inſtance can lead it.

The fame of the moſt ſuperlative writers is, even after thouſands of years, always confined to ſuperior minds: the popular acclaim is only an unmeaning echo of it. Du Bos hath well obſerved, that the true reputation of Homer is at this day confined to thoſe who can read and admire him in the original; perhaps amounting

amounting to 200 perſons in the world: his other pretended admirers diſgrace his genuine fame, and are the mere babbling echoes of the former.

The like may be ſaid of every ſuperlative writer. Is Pindar, is Tacitus, the minion of the populace? Our own Milton, our Shakeſpeare, univerſal as he is, are not underſtood, or the leaſt reliſhed, by one perſon in a thouſand who echo their celebrity with open mouth. Were the genuine ſentiments of the million inquired into, it would be diſcovered, that any faſhionable bauble of the diurnal kind is of far more eſtimation in their ſight than the immortal labours of theſe glorious writers. What is the uſe of diamonds to them? Can they eat them? No, with the cock in the fable, grains of corn were better; and, where corn is not to be had, even chaff.

But before the breeze of time that chaff vaniſhes; while diamonds remain and blaze to eternity.

Men of ſuperior talents have it not in their power to adjuſt the reputation of a work at once. They muſt have time to conſider it. Perhaps the author is known to many of them; and they tremble at the ſuſpicion of partiality. Perhaps they are careleſs; perhaps they are invidious; perhaps they are foes of the author.

Meanwhile a work of real merit is ſure to be neglected; for where ſhall the cattle go when there is no guide? The little craft are coaſting round their own paltry ſhores, and know not that a new world is diſcovered. If they did, how ſhall they ſail to it without powers, and without a compaſs? The ſmall fiſhes they find at home are enough for them; they leave the exploration of the treaſures of other climates to thoſe who are in poſſeſſion of ſuperior means of navigation.

The fame of few writers, whoſe works are not of a mere temporary kind, can be eſtimated in the century in which they live. One hundred years of purgatory may with great juſtice be looked upon as aſſigned to moſt authors before they paſs to paradiſe or damnation.

Rouſſeau, I think, obſerves, that the path to true fame, like that to the temple of virtue, is moſt arduous and difficult; and it may be added, that, where this difficulty is not found, it is much to be doubted that the path is not the true one.

I know not, however, if living fame, which is almoſt always falſe, be not of more real moment to any writer, or artiſt, than poſthumous and eternal. The latter will never buy him a great coat; whereas the former heaps wealth and honours upon his happy head. Living fame is ſweet muſic to the ears, though one were even certain that it will die with us; poſthumous fame is unenjoyable by us, is of no exiſtence to us. The falſe preſcience of it affords high ſatisfaction to the vain-glorious fool; but the true preſcience of it ſlightly affects the great and the wiſe.

It hath already been obſerved, that legitimate celebrity is only to be found in the mouths of true judges, who are fully as rare as good writers; inſomuch that for 50 years after Milton's Comus was publiſhed, nobody knew its worth but Sir Henry Wotton. The delay, which true judges always adopt in pronouncing upon ſuperior works, hath alſo been ſtated. The public, in the mean time, led by caprice or faſhion, beſtow their applauſe, which they ought carefully to hoard for real merit, upon every gewgaw that comes in their way. Hence the number of falſe reputations is almoſt infinite; and in proportion to the true, about one thouſand to one.

Any perſon who doubts if fame may ever be ſurreptitiouſly acquired, need only to look into the title-pages, and

and cotemporary productions, of a thousand works of the last and present century. In the first, he will see sometimes the twelfth edition of some poetical or other work which disgraces the human mind: in the last, he will observe the vain and transitory praises bestowed on it by writers of equal minuteness of intellect. For one instance in a thousand of these facts, Cotton's Virgil Travestie had fourteen editions, Milton's Poems hardly two; and see the praises of the *matchless Orinda's* poems in Cowley and others. Who was she? Can there be a stronger illustration of my position, that false reputations actually exist? Nay, I know that I could from this very century muster up complete evidences of my position, that they surpass the true in the proportion of at least one thousand to one.

I know not how it is, but it is certainly a more favourable symptom of a work to have enemies at first than admirers. The ingenious author of the book De l'Esprit, a work in which great talents are exerted to support bad principles, observes with truth, that superiority is sure to create enemies. The maxim of most people is that of the Ephesians, *If any one excels among us, let him go and excel elsewhere.* M. Helvetius hath aptly distinguished the esteem professed for writers of repute into two sorts; an esteem of prejudice, taken up upon the word of others; and an esteem of sentiment. The last I call the only foundation of true fame, when it is the sentiment of a superior soul. He marks Corneille as a writer whose esteem stands wholly upon prejudice, and not sentiment.

When I mention popular fame, as of no account in forming our judgment of the worth of a modern writer, I do not mean to speak but of works out of the common class; works that give new forms to human talents. Works of themselves merely popular, as novels and the like, need not stand the test of their century before their fame may be called permanent. A table of periods that must pass over different works, before the stamp of lasting worth is put upon them, might be curious. Let us try it. Suppose

	Years.
Epic poetry . .	100
Dramatic poetry .	50
History . .	100
Lyric poetry . .	100
Novels . .	50
Satyric poetry .	20
Didactic poetry .	20
Philosophy, Natural .	2000
——— Moral .	10
Criticism . .	100
Miscellanies . .	50
Panegyrics . .	1 hour
Pastoral poetry .	5 minutes

The reason of the short space allowed for the two last, is their putrescent quality; which makes it not safe to keep them long before they are eaten.

On Comedy.

YOUR opinion of the comedy of Le Mechant I heartily subscribe to, though Mr Gray has pronounced it the best comedy he ever read. It is perfectly in the style of the French tragedy, inactive and declamatory. Yet I do not wonder at Mr Gray's favourable opinion of it, when he admired the silly declamation of Racine so much as to begin a tragedy in his very manner; which, however, he was so fortunate as not to go through with.

Our stage, thank heaven, refuses the insipidity of the French drama; and requires an action, a business, a vigour, to which the run of Gerontes and Damons, which all their comedies are stuffed with, are mere strangers. Molliere, in attempting to introduce laughter into the French comedy, has blundered upon mere

farce; for it is the character of that nation always to be in extremes. In short, if we except Fontaine, I know of no writer in the French language who has real claim to poetical merit. Their language is not the language of verse; nor are their thoughts, or their *costume*, those of poetry. Fontaine uses their language familiarly, in which way only it can be used to advantage. His thoughts are likewise in the style of mere familiar humour. Comic tales may be well written in French, but nothing else. Their prose writers, I readily allow, yield to none in the world; but of their poetry the bon mot said by one of themselves to Voltaire, which was, *Les François n'ont pas la tete epique*, may be with great justice enlarged thus, LES FRANÇOIS N'ONT PAS LA TETE POETIQUE.

In English comedy Congreve, I believe, stands without a rival. His plots have great depth and art; perhaps too much: his characters are new and strong; his wit genuine; and so exuberant, that it has been alleged as his only fault, that he makes all his characters inherit his own wit. Yet this fault will not be imputed by adepts, who know that the dialogue of our comedy cannot possibly be too spirited and epigrammatic; for it requires language as well as characters stronger than nature.

Shakespeare excels in the strength of his characters and in wit; but as plot must be regarded as an essential of good comedy, he must not be erected as a model in the comic academy; a loss sufficiently compensated by the reflection, that it were vain to place him as a model, whose beauties transcend all imitation.

Tragedy and Comedy both ought certainly to approach as near the truth of life as possible; insomuch, that we may imagine we are placed with Le Diable Boiteux on the roof of the house, and perceive what passes within. This rule in tragedy cannot be too strictly observed, though it has escaped almost every writer of modern tragedy; the characters of which speak similies, bombast, and every thing except the language of real life; so that we are eternally tempted to exclaim, as Falstaff does to Pistol, "Pr'ythee, speak like a man of this world."

In comedy, this rule ought by no means to be adhered to; as insipidity is the worst fault writing can have, but particularly comedy; whose chief quality it is to be poignant. Now poignancy cannot be effected without strong character: but an excellent tragedy may be written without a strong character in it; witness Douglas. The characters of tragedy, therefore, cannot have too much truth: but those of comedy ought to resemble the painted scenes, which, if examined too nearly, are mere daubings; but at a proper distance have the very truth of nature, while the beauties of more delicate paintings would not be perceived.

Sentimental comedy, as it is called, though of late birth in England, is yet the comedy of Menander and of Terence. Terence is quite full of sentiment, and of a tenderness which accompanies it; and so barren of wit and humour, that I only remember two passages in his six comedies that provoke a smile; for a smile is all they can provoke. The one is that scene which passes after the eunuch is supposed to have ravished a young lady. This is the only proof of the humour of Terence: and the only sample of his wit we have in the reply of an old miser to one who he expected brought him tidings of a legacy, but who instead thereof makes very gravely a moral observation to the impatient old man; who peevishly retorts, "What! hast thou brought nothing here but one maxim?"

Sentimental comedy bore a very short sway in England. Indeed, it

was incompatible with the humour of an Engliſh audience, who go to a comedy to laugh, and not to cry. It was even more abſurd, it may be added, in its faults than that of which Congreve is the model; for ſentiments were ſpoken by every character in the piece; whereas one ſentimental character was ſurely enough. If a man met with his miſtreſs, or left her; if he was ſuddenly favoured by fortune, or ſuddenly the object of her hatred; if he was drunk, or married, he ſpoke a ſentiment: if a lady was angry, or pleaſed; in love, or out of it; a prude, or a coquet; make room for a ſentiment! If a ſervant girl was chid, or received a preſent from her miſtreſs; if a valet received a purſe, or a horſe-whipping; good heavens, what a fine ſentiment!

This fault, I ſay, was infinitely more abſurd than that of Congreve; for a peaſant may blunder on wit, to whoſe mind ſentiment is totally heterogeneous. Beſides, Congreve's wit is all his own; whereas, moſt of the ſaid ſentiments may be found in the proverbs of Solomon.

No wonder then this way of writing was ſoon abandoned even by him who was its chief leader. Goldſmith in vain tried to ſtem the torrent by oppoſing a barrier of low humour, and dullneſs and abſurdity, more dull and abſurd than Engliſh ſentimental comedy itſelf.

It is very much to the credit of that excellent writer Mr Colman, that, while other dramatiſts were loſt in the faſhion of ſentiment, his comedies always preſent the happieſt medium of nature; without either affectation of ſentiment, or affectation of wit. That the able tranſlator of Terence ſhould yet have ſufficient force of mind to keep his own pieces clear of the declamatory dullneſs of that ancient, is certainly a matter deſerving of much applauſe. The Jealous Wife, and the Clandeſtine Marriage, with others of his numerous dramas, may be mentioned as the moſt perfect models of comedy we have: to all the other requiſites of fine comic writing they always add juſt as much ſentiment and wit as does them good. This happy medium is the moſt difficult to hit in all compoſition, and moſt declares the hand of a maſter.

By the School for Scandal, the ſtyle of Congreve was again brought into faſhion; and ſentiment made way for wit and delicate humour. That piece has indeed the beauties of Congreve's comedies, without their faults: its plot is deeply enough perplexed, without forcing one to labour to unravel it; its incidents ſufficient, without being too numerous; its wit pure; its ſituations truly dramatic. The characters, however, are not quite ſo ſtrong as Congreve's; which may be regarded as the principal fault of this excellent piece. Leſſer faults are Charles's ſometimes blundering upon ſentiments; nay, ſometimes upon what are the worſt of all ſentiments, ſuch as are of dangerous tendency, as when Rowley adviſes him to pay his debts before he makes a very liberal preſent, and ſo to act as an honeſt man ere he acts as a generous one.

Rowley. Ah, Sir, I wiſh you would remember the proverb ——

Charles. Be juſt before you are generous.——Why ſo I would, if I could; but Juſtice is an old lame hobbling beldame, and I can't get her to keep pace with Generoſity for the ſoul of me.

This ſentiment, than which nothing can be more falſe and immoral, is always received by the ſilly audience with loud applauſe; whereas no reprobation can be too ſevere for it. A leſſer blemiſh lies in the verſes tagged to the end of the play, in which one of the characters addreſſes the audience. The verſes are an abſurdity, the addreſs a ſtill greater; for the audience is by no good actor ſuppoſed to be preſent; and any circumſtance that contributes to deſtroy the

 appa-

It began as to the ſubſtance by a meſſage from my Lord Bute to Mr Pitt at Hayes, through my Lord Mayor, to give him the meeting *privately* at ſome third place. This his lordſhip (Lord Bute) afterwards altered by a note from himſelf, ſaying, that as he loved to do things openly, he would come to Mr Pitt's houſe in Jermyn-ſtreet in broad day-light. They met accordingly; and Lord Bute, after the firſt compliments, frankly acknowledged that his miniſtry could not go on, and that the —— was convinced of it; and therefore deſired Mr Pitt would open himſelf frankly and at large, and tell him his ideas of things and perſons with the utmoſt freedom. After much excuſe and hanging back, Mr Pitt did ſo with the utmoſt freedom indeed, though with civility. Here I muſt leave a long blank to be filled up when I ſee you. Lord Bute heard with great attention and patience; entered into no defence; but at laſt ſaid, "If theſe are your opinions, why ſhould you not tell them to the —— himſelf, who will not be unwilling to hear you?—*How can I, my Lord, preſume to go to the ——, who am not of his council, nor in his ſervice, and have no pretence to aſk an audience? The preſumption would be too great.* "But ſuppoſe his Majeſty ſhould order you to attend him; I preſume, Sir, you would not refuſe it."——*The ——'s command would make it my duty, and I ſhould certainly obey it.*

This was on laſt Thurſday ſe'ennight, (Auguſt 25.) On the next day (Friday) Mr Pitt received from the —— *an open note unſealed*, requiring him to attend his Majeſty on Saturday noon at the Queen's Palace in the Park. In obedience hereto, Mr Pitt went on Saturday at noon-day through the Mall in his gouty-chair, the boot of which (as he ſaid himſelf) makes it as much known as if his name was writ upon it, to the Queen's Palace. He was immediately carried into the cloſet, received very graciouſly, and his Majeſty began in like manner as his *quondam* favourite had done, by ordering him to tell him his opinion of things and perſons at large, and with the utmoſt freedom; and I think, did in ſubſtance make the like confeſſion, that he thought his preſent miniſters could not go on. The audience laſted three hours, and Mr Pitt went through the whole upon both heads more fully than he had done to Lord Bute, but with great complaiſance and douceur to the ——: and his Majeſty gave him a very gracious accueil, and heard with great patience and attention. And Mr Pitt affirms, that in general, and upon the moſt material points, he appeared by his manner, and many of his expreſſions, to be convinced. But here I muſt again avail myſelf of my *long blank*, and only make one general deſcription; that Mr Pitt went through the infirmities of the peace; the things neceſſary and hitherto neglected to improve and preſerve it; the preſent ſtate of the nation both foreign and domeſtic; the great whig families and perſons which had been driven from his Majeſty's council and ſervice, which it would be for his intereſt to reſtore. In doing this, he repeated many names; upon which his Majeſty told him there was pen, ink, and paper, and he wiſhed he would write them down. Mr Pitt humbly excuſed himſelf, by ſaying, *that* would be too much for him to take upon him, and he might upon his memory omit ſome material perſons, which might be ſubject to imputation. The —— ſaid he ſtill liked to hear him, and bid him go on; but ſaid now and then, that his honour muſt be conſulted; to which Mr Pitt anſwered in a very courtly manner. His Majeſty ordered him to come again on Monday; which he did to the ſame place, and in the ſame public manner.

Here

Here comes in a parenthesis, that on Sunday Mr Pitt went to Claremont, and acquainted the Duke of Newcastle with the whole, fully persuaded from the ——'s manner and behaviour, that the thing would do; and that on Monday the outlines of the new arrangement would be settled. This produced the messages to those lords, who were sent for. Mr Pitt undertook to write to the Duke of Devonshire and Marquis of Rockingham, and the Duke of Newcastle to myself.

But behold the catastrophe of Monday, (August 29.) The —— received him equally graciously; and that audience lasted near two hours. The —— began, that he had considered of what had been said, and talked still more strongly of his honour. His Majesty then mentioned Lord Halifax for the treasury, still proceeding upon the supposition of a change. To this Mr Pitt hesitated an objection—that certainly Lord Halifax ought to be considered, but that he should not have thought of him for the treasury. Suppose his Majesty should think fit to give his Lordship the paymaster's place. The —— replied,—"But, Mr Pitt, I had designed that for poor G. Grenville. He is your near relation, and you once loved him."—To this the only answer made was a low bow. And now here comes the bait. "Why," says his Majesty, "should not Lord Temple have the treasury? You could go on then very well."—*Sir, the person whom you shall think fit to honour with the chief conduct of your affairs cannot possibly go on without a treasury connected with him. But that alone will do nothing. It cannot be carried on without the great families who have supported the revolution government, and other great persons, of whose abilities and integrity the public has had experience, and who have weight and credit in the nation. I should only deceive your Majesty, if I should leave you in an opinion that I could go on, and your Majesty make a solid administration on any other foot.* "Well, Mr Pitt, I see (or I fear) this wont do. My honour is concerned, and I must support it."—*Et sic finita est fabula. Vos valete*; but I cannot with a safe conscience add, *plaudite.* I have made my skeleton larger than I intended at first, and I hope you will understand it. Mr Pitt professes himself firmly persuaded that my Lord Bute was sincere at first, and that the —— was in earnest the first day; but that on the intermediate day, Sunday, some strong effort was made, which produced the alteration.

Mr Pitt likewise affirms, that if he was examined upon oath, he could not tell upon what this negociation broke off; whether upon any particular point, or upon the general complexion of the whole: but that if the —— shall assign any particular reason for it, he will never *contradict it.*

My story has been so long, though in truth a very short abridgment, that I shall not lengthen it by observations, but leave you to make your own. It will certainly be given out, that the reason was the unreasonable extent of Mr Pitt's plan—a general rout; and, the minority, after having complained so much of proscriptions, have endeavoured to proscribe the majority. I asked Mr Pitt the direct question; and he assured me, that although he thought himself obliged to name a great many persons for his own exculpation, yet he did not name above five or six for particular places. I must tell you, that one of these was your humble servant for the president's place. This was entirely without my authority or privity. But the ——'s answer was, "Why, Mr Pitt, it is vacant and ready for him, and he knows he may have it to-morrow, if he thinks fit."

I conjectured that this was said with regard to what had passed with poor

poor Lord Egremont; which made me think it neceſſary to tell Mr Pitt in general what had paſſed with that lord (not owning that his lordſhip had offered it directly in the ——'s name) and what I had anſwered; which he, in his way, much commended.

This obliges me to deſire, that you will ſend me by the bearer my letter to you, which you were to communicate to my Lord Lyttleton, that I may ſee how I have ſtated it there, for I have no copy.

I ſhall now make you laugh, tho' ſome parts of what goes before make me melancholy, to ſee the —— ſo committed, and his Majeſty ſubmitting to it, &c. But what I mean will make you laugh is, that the miniſters are ſo ſtung with this admiſſion, that they cannot go on (and what has paſſed on this occaſion will certainly make them leſs able to go on), and with my Lord Bute's having thus carried them in his pocket, that they ſay Lord Bute has attempted to ſacrifice them to his own fears and timidity; that they do not depend upon him, and will have nothing more to do with him. And I have been very credibly informed, that both Lord Halifax and George Grenville have declared, that he is to go beyond ſea, and reſide for a twelvemonth or more. You know a certain *Cardinal* was twice exiled out of France, and governed France as abſolutely whilſt he was abſent as when he was preſent.

The whole tranſaction related in the above letter, though it evidently breathes the lofty and impracticable ſpirit of a Chatham, muſt be owned, however, not to diſplay that confirmed and determined inveteracy to the Earl of Bute; of the exiſtence of which Lord Chatham ſo anxiouſly and ſo pertinaciouſly endeavoured to convince his cotemporaries. Nothing like an objection is intimated in the courſe of this negociation againſt an official co-operation with Lord Bute, although he was at the moment of this treaty the conſtant and diurnal object of the noble patriot's attack and reprobation in the ſenate.

Some Account of the Poetic Milk-Woman at Briſtol; extracted from a Letter from Miſs HANNAH MOORE *to her Friend, dated October* 20. 1784.

ON my return from Sandleford, a copy of verſes was ſhown me, ſaid to be written by a poor illiterate woman in this neighbourhood, who ſells milk from door to door. The ſtory did not engage my faith till the verſes excited my attention; for tho' incorrect, they breathed the genuine ſpirit of poetry, and were rendered ſtill more intereſting by a certain natural and ſtrong expreſſion of miſery, which ſeemed to fill the heart and mind of the author. On making diligent inquiry into her hiſtory and character, I found that ſhe had been born and bred in her preſent humble ſtation, and had never received the leaſt education, except that her brother had taught her to write; her mother, who was alſo a milk-woman, appears to have had ſenſe and piety, and to have given an early tincture of religion to this poor woman's mind. She is about 28 years of age, was married very young to a man who is ſaid to be honeſt and ſober, but of a turn of mind very different from her own; repeated loſſes, and a numerous family, for they had ſix children in ſeven years, reduced them very low, and the rigours of the laſt winter ſunk them to the extremity of diſtreſs.

When I went to ſee her, I obſerved a perfect ſimplicity in her manners, without the leaſt affectation or pre-

pretenſion of any kind; ſhe neither attempted to raiſe my compaſſion by her diſtreſs, nor my admiration by her parts; but on a more familiar acquaintance, I have had reaſon to be ſurpriſed at the juſtneſs of her taſte, the faculty I leaſt expected to have found in her. In truth, her remarks on the books ſhe has read, are ſo accurate, and ſo conſonant to the opinions of the beſt critics, that from that very circumſtance they would appear trite and common-place in any one who had been in habits of ſociety; for without having ever converſed with any body above her own level, ſhe ſeems to poſſeſs the general principles of ſound taſte and juſt thinking.

I was curious to know what poetry ſhe had read. With the Night Thoughts, and Paradiſe Loſt, I found her well acquainted; but ſhe was aſtoniſhed to learn that Young and Milton had written any thing elſe. Of Pope ſhe had only ſeen the Eloiſa; and Dryden, Spencer, Thomſon, and Prior, were unknown to her even by name. She had read a few of Shakeſpeare's plays, and ſpeaks of a tranſlation of the Georgics, which ſhe has ſomewhere ſeen, with the warmeſt poetical rapture.

But though it has been denied her to drink at the *pure well-head* of Pagan Poeſy, yet from the true Fountain of divine Inſpiration, her mind ſeems to have been wonderfully nouriſhed and enriched. The ſtudy of the ſacred Scriptures has enlarged her imagination and ennobled her language, to a degree only credible to thoſe, who, receiving them as the voice of everlaſting truth, are at the pains to appreciate the various and exquiſite beauties of compoſition which they exhibit. Like all unlettered poets, ſhe abounds in imagery, metaphor, and perſonification; her faults, in this reſpect, being more of ſuperfluity than of want. If her epithets are now and then bold and vehement, they are ſtriking and original; and I ſhould be ſorry to ſee the wild vigour of her ruſtic muſe poliſhed into elegance, or laboured into correctneſs. Her ear is perfect; there is ſometimes great felicity in the ſtructure of her blank verſe, and ſhe often varies the pauſe with a happineſs which looks like ſkill. She abounds in falſe concords and inaccuracies of various kinds: ſhe is often diffuſe from redundancy, and oftener obſcure from brevity: but there is ſeldom found in her thoſe inexpiable poetic ſins, the falſe thought, the puerile conceit, the diſtorted image, and the incongruous metaphor; the common reſources of bad poets, and the not uncommon blemiſhes of good ones.

When I expreſſed to her my ſurprize at two or three claſſical alluſions in one of her poems, and inquired how ſhe came by them; ſhe ſaid ſhe had taken them from little ordinary prints which hung in a ſhop window.

I have the ſatisfaction to ſay, that this poor enthuſiaſt is active and induſtrious in no common degree; and the Muſes have not cheated her into an opinion, that the retailing a few maxims of virtue may exempt her from the moſt exact probity in her conduct.

(*See Poetry for this Month.*)

On SPENSER'S *Faërie Queene.*

BOOK V. Canto IX. contains a piece of the moſt open, ingenious, yet cenſurable flattery that is perhaps to be met with in the Engliſh language. If ſeveral of our poet's compliments to his Queen on her

her beauty and chastity are not conceived in all the elegance of modern panegyric, this one must be allowed to do more than compensate them all. But while we admire the art of the poet in his thus dressing up the trial of Mary Queen of Scots in a manner which must have been highly agreeable to Elisabeth, it is impossible that one who is acquainted with that story, can pay any compliment to his candour or impartiality; or, allowing that he wrote as he thought, to his judgment.

The principal circumstances of Mary's life relative to Elisabeth are as follow. Mary was the great-grand-daughter of Henry VII. and undoubted heir to the crown of England, failing of the lawful issue of Henry VIII. and in which right her son James afterwards ascended that throne.—Elisabeth during her infancy had been by Henry and the Parliament bastardised and cut off from the succession; and though that act was afterwards repealed, her right to the crown was a topic that she could never bear to have mentioned; and she affected rather to have it said that she reigned by the choice of the people, than that hereditary right should be talked of. When Mary was Dauphiness of France, it was reported that she quartered the arms of England on her plate, along with those of France and Scotland. This was enough to give offence to any prince in the actual possession of the throne; it was looked on by Elisabeth as Mary's laying a claim to the Crown of England, and was resented accordingly. Mary, on this, denied her having any design on that Crown during the life of Elisabeth, but demanded that her title might be allowed by that Queen to succeed after her death: but this Elisabeth refused; saying she did not like to have her shroud always before her. During the short time Mary resided in Scotland, several embassies passed between her and Elisabeth: these were all friendly; and those from Mary were soliciting assistance against her subjects, who had now taken the field against her. Elisabeth, by promises and some assistance to both parties in Scotland, protracted their divisions till she became the sole arbiter of the island. Mary being now defeated by her own subjects, fled to England, depending on the invitations and proffers of Elisabeth for protection; but instead of that friendship so solemnly professed, she was seized upon and imprisoned. It must be owned, that her residence at the Court of England might have been dangerous to Elisabeth; but those who will argue that Elisabeth had a right to shut her up in prison on account of such danger, must not take it amiss to be told, that Machiavel himself goes no further lengths than they do. During Mary's long imprisonment, the Duke of Norfolk and the Earl of Northumberland lost their lives on the scaffold, for being engaged in plots to relieve her from prison, and set her on the throne of England;—though it appeared on the trial of Norfolk, that this latter part and his intention to marry her were concealed from the captive Queen; and that she was concerned, so far as related to making her escape, Mary did not deny.—Besides being accused of these plots, she was indicted before Elisabeth's judges for the murder of her husband Henry Lord Darnley, and for mal-administration in her own kingdom; for both of which Elisabeth had no right to try her. At last, after 19 years imprisonment, the accusations against Mary were again all renewed, and she was brought to a formal trial. The plea that Mary alleged was unanswerable, and the admirers of Elisabeth will never overturn it: She pleaded, that she was a free Princess, and that her judges

judges had no authority over her. ——However, the trial proceeded, she was found guilty; and Elisabeth —after discovering the greatest uneasiness on finding that her people did not solicit her to put the sentence in execution—at last, encouraged by Davidson the Scottish envoy, signed her death-warrant, and Mary was beheaded.

Let us now trace the representation our poet has given us of this affair.—Sir Arthegal and Prince Arthur, by whom are meant Justice and Greatness of Mind, come on a visit to the Court of Mercilla or Mercy, by whom is meant Elisabeth, just when that Queen is proceeding on the trial of Duessa or Falsehood, by whom is here intended the Queen of Scots. Mercilla takes the two knights up to her throne, and places them one on one hand and the other on the other, that they might witness her decision to every foreign land.

Then up arose a person of deep reach,
And rare in-sight, hard matters to reveal;
That well could charm his tongue, and time his speech
To all assaies; his name was called Zeal.

This personage impeaches the prisoner "with many heynous crimes, and for vyld treasons against the dred Mercilla."—Then rose another old sage, called "*the Kingdom's Care*,"

That many high regards and reasons 'gainst her read.
Then 'gan *Authority* her to oppose
With peremptorie powre that made all mute——

Then the Law of Nations, Religion, the People's Cry, the Sute of the Commons, &c.

And, lastly, Justice charg'd her with the breach of laws.

These were her accusers; and Pity, Regard of Womanhead, Daunger, Nobilitie of Birth, and Grief, plead for her—Prince Arthur or Greatness of Mind begins to relent; when Zele enforces the evidence anew, and brings forth Murder, Sedition, Incontinence of Life, even Adulterie and Impiety, against her; so that now Prince Arthur became as much against her as Sir Arthegal or Justice, "who all along had been bent against her with firm intent." Duessa is now found guilty, but myld Mercilla

———— was touched near
With piteous ruth of her so wretched plight.
Though plain she saw by all that she did hear,
That she of death was guilty found by right,
Yet would not let just vengeance on her light;
But rather let instead thereof to fall
Few perling drops from her fair lamps of light;
The which she covering with her purple pall,
Would have the passion hid, and up arose withal.

Here ends the Canto. The next begins with the highest encomiums of mercy, and of Mercilla's art of tempering it with justice; of which the poet tells us the whole world is witness. And surely after all these boasts of mercy, the reader would expect to hear of Duessa's life being saved:—the contrary is thus artfully told, where the poet avoids telling us expresly that she was put to death:

Till strong constraint did her thereto enforce;
And yet ev'n then ruing her wilful fall,
With more than needful natural remorse,
And yielding the last honour to her wretched corse.

It is no more than reasonable to allow a great deal to the light in which our poet was habituated to consider his Patroness and Queen; yet to bring *Authority* and the breach of laws as evidences against Mary, who was no subject of England, and did not enjoy the protection of its laws, so could

could be guilty of no rebellion and no treason against Elisabeth, was what common decency ought to have prevented our poet from doing; and if he actually thought that his absurd praises of Elisabeth for the merciful disposition she discovered in the case of Mary, was not in effect a satire on his Patroness, he must indeed have been strangely biassed.

The strongest reasons that have ever been alleged in vindication of Elisabeth *, in this transaction, are drawn from the consideration of the danger that threatened England, the Protestant religion, and her own life, from the conspiracies or confederacies that Mary did or could possibly form. She was nearly related to the powerful House of Guise, was Queen of Scotland, the undoubted heir to the Crown of England, enterprising, ambitious, of fine address, young, beautiful, and a widow; the Popish nobility of England longed to see her on the throne; and had she got over to France, where she was Queen Dowager, she could not have failed of forming some very powerful connections that would naturally have been very dangerous to Elisabeth. For these reasons, we are told, that in duty to and in preservation of herself, her kingdom, and the Protestant religion, Elisabeth acted as she ought to have done in the imprisonment of Mary; and that the plots which were afterwards hatched by Norfolk and Northumberland, &c. called aloud on her to remove the cause of so imminent danger.

But there is one consideration that very naturally rises from the above, and which, though a very material one, has not, as I think, been taken proper notice of by any of our historians †. Where were Elisabeth's prudence and foresight, that she did not foresee these dangers while Mary was in the just and lawful possession of the Crown of Scotland?—Did these dangerous circumstances then exist? No, not one of the dangerous ones. Every one of these arose from Elisabeth's conduct towards Mary. It certainly would have been good policy in the Queen of England had she supported Mary in her just rights in Scotland, and which she might have done without any prejudice to the Protestant religion, both from her own superiority in imposing the terms of treaty, and as Mary had already consented to rule with the assistance of a Protestant ministry. And thus Elisabeth might have prevented, by her own superiority, and the faith of a treaty of her own dictating, and what Mary's interest obliged her to keep, every one of the above causes of Mary's becoming dangerous to her. But instead of this plain and honest policy, we find Elisabeth fomenting the divisions in Scotland, and assisting the rebels, till at last Mary was driven from her dominions; who, had she got over to France, would undoubtedly have been dangerous to Elisabeth, by whom she had been thus driven thither; and the law of nations would have been on her side had she made reprisals. Now, if Mary was that formidable rival which the vindication of Elisabeth supposes her (with justice) to be, it is certain, that the circumstances of the times which made the interest of Mary, and every step she could possibly take in her defence, dangerous to Elisabeth, were the fruits of Elisabeth's own politics.—So that if the public safety demanded the imprisonment of Mary, or her execution after 19 years confinement, the same reasons that justify the conduct of Elisabeth confirm the doctrine of

* See the State papers and opinions of Elisabeth's Counsellors, in the appendix to Robertson's History and other authors.

† This was written in 1765.

Machiavel, that justice must give place to conveniency: and according to the same principles, the highwayman who murders the gentleman he has robbed, because that one day he may appear against him at the bar, acts a prudent and a commendable part.

Europ. M.

Miscellaneous Observations on HOLLAND.

SIR,

HAVING read in one of your late Magazines an account of the canals in Holland by Monf. de Luc, I am induced to send you a few miscellaneous observations on that country, collected during my residence there; which, at different times, has been of considerable length.

Holland does not excel other countries in the theory of its government, which in many respects is unfriendly both to personal and political liberty: But it excels most countries in what may be called the practice of government; the effectual application of the laws for preventing or punishing the palpable disorders in society. In pursuing this object, the legislators of Holland have transgressed some rules of speculative jurisprudence: But they seem to have thought this a less evil than the delay of public redress, or the feebleness of an ineffectual police.

The prosecution of crimes is begun in cities by the High Bailiff, who is invested with a power apparently very dangerous, that of compromising in certain cases with the offender for a pecuniary penalty. Yet such is the influence of a regard to public opinion, that this dangerous power is seldom abused; and it is certain that it has a mighty effect in advancing the great object they have in view, the prevention and punishment of crimes. The interest of the prosecutor leads him not to overlook the smallest offence; and the laws have provided, as far as possible, that almost every breach of the peace shall come to his knowledge. Besides the establishment of peace officers, as in other countries, the laws of Holland oblige every surgeon, before he can be qualified to act in a city, to swear that he will not dress any wound without immediately informing the High Bailiff, that he may have the opportunity of making inquiry into the affair.

If the offence be of a flagrant kind, he reports it to the *Schepens* of the city, who are the proper judges in criminal matters. These summon evidence, consider the proof, and pronounce sentence: But the whole transaction is private. The prisoner has no copy of his indictment, no counsel to assist him, no jury to weigh the evidence. After sentence is pronounced, the criminal must make confession in open air before he can be executed: and it is said, that for this purpose various tortures are employed in the Belgic prisons. The inferior ministers of justice, constables, watchmen, &c. are in excellent training; and the whole operations of their police resemble a piece of mechanism, in which the action of one spring is communicated thro' every intermediate part, till the weight is raised which is to fall on the head of the criminal.

These are the sources of the much boasted regularity of police in the Dutch cities.

In the country, the Dykgraaf, or Sheriff of the district, is general prosecutor, with the same powers as the High Bailiff in cities; and when the cause comes to proof, assessors are appointed to assist him in pronouncing judgment.

It is plain from this account, that the regularity of internal government in

in Holland is obtained at the risk of committing very dangerous powers to individuals. And it must be confessed, that the inquisitorial nature of their statutes, the privacy of their trials, the use of torture, and the necessity of confession, are contrary to all approved maxims of jurisprudence.

The same attention to make the laws effectual, although at the expence of civil liberty, is seen in the collection of the revenue in Holland.

There are no statute laws, at least no specific penalties, against smuggling; but the smuggler runs the risk of his whole property for the most trifling evasion he can practise. And he is surrounded with informers, who are encouraged by very great bribes to do their duty. Here, likewise, the High Bailiff has a power of compromising with the offender for a sum of money, which it will always be in the interest of the latter to comply with: For if the matter be laid judicially before the magistrates, it is most likely that it will cost him his liberty for life, by the exaction of a fine beyond his power to pay.

Taxes have been so multiplied of late in this country, that it may perhaps be interesting to some of your readers to have an account of the principal ones paid in Holland. There they are laid chiefly on the necessaries of life. Bread-corn pays nearly its original price for a licence to be ground into flour: and what is pretty singular, the miller who grinds is enticed not to smuggle, by a consideration proportioned to the quantity of work his mill can do; a regulation which does not promise to be very effectual without other restraints.

When corn is sold in the public market for other purposes than to be made into flour, it pays a smaller duty; and in this case a licensed miller stands by and throws a shovel-full of earth or sand into the parcel, to prevent its being fit for grinding.

Butcher-meat of all kinds, excepting the intrails, pays a tax of a halfpenny per pound; fowls, a stiver each; pigs, three stivers. Private families keeping poultry, pigs, or sheep, must pay nearly in the same proportion, in name of a licence to kill them; and are bound to give an account of their stock to the surveyor of the town or district, on pain of an arbitrary penalty, as in other cases of smuggling.

Live cattle of all kinds pay a tax per head; calves, and two-year old bullocks, 24 stivers *per annum*; above that age, two guilders each. Besides this, those farmers who keep a dairy pay 24 guilders *per annum*, in name of soap and salt money.

Every horse kept for any purpose pays two guilders a-year. A saddle-horse kept for pleasure, pays 36 guilders. A carriage kept for the same purpose, pays 50 guilders, besides 36 guilders for each of the horses used in it: But farmers horses and their carriages, although used for travelling, are exempted.

Maid servants in private families pay six guilders each *per annum*. In public houses they pay 23 guilders, in name of licence for the inn keeper to sell tobacco, coffee, and tea; and their names in this last case must be given into the collector before they sleep in the house, under a penalty of 500 guilders.

Male servants pay a graduated tax according to their number. All fish, fruits, and vegetables, brought to market, are apprised and taxed before they may be exposed to sale. Fuel of all kinds pays a tax equal to more than one and a half its original value.

Private families pay for a licence to drink coffee and tea, from six guilders and upwards, according to their estimated income; and this tax is consolidated with that on male and female servants, which is exacted on the same estimated income. The tax upon funerals is regulated by the station

tion of the perſon, which is perfectly aſcertained by public opinion. In the higheſt ſtation (which unfortunately belongs to ſome who have not the higbeſt incomes to ſupport it, particularly the clergy) a perſon cannot be laid in the duſt under an expence of near 70 l. Sterling. In compenſation for this expence incurred by dying in Holland, a man may have the aſſiſtance of medical ſkill there at very little expence. An ordinary graduated phyſician viſits his patient for a ſhilling each time, and a profeſſor of medicine for a guilder.

Travelling in Holland, although very cheap, produces a very great revenue to the government. The trekſchuits, which are the moſt common conveyances, are furniſhed by the magiſtrates of each city, and renewed once in 20 years. Commiſſaries are appointed at each birth to regiſter the paſſengers, and to hire out the cabin; and nearly one half of the fare goes to public revenue. Each boat will eaſily contain threeſcore paſſengers, who pay little more than a penny per mile, and in ſome fares ſtill leſs. They are drawn by one horſe, who goes at the rate of three miles and and a half per hour. The cord by which they are drawn is above 100 yards long, and goes from the ſtern thro' the ring of a maſt, higher or lower according as they go or return from the larger town: all that go one way having a high maſt, and all that go the other a low one. By this regulation they eaſily paſs one another, altho' both horſes go on one ſide of the canal. The driver of the boat with the low maſt ſtops a few ſeconds and lets the other horſe ſtep over his rope, while the man at the helm in the boat with the high maſt ſteers on the outſide of the other boat, and carries his cord clear over it. When both boats have a high maſt, as ſometimes happens by other ſpecies of veſſels being drawn on the canals, one of them lets his cord dip into the water while the other ſails over it.

Beſides the taxes that have been mentioned, there is a land-tax of five ſhillings in the pound through all the provinces. There are alſo very high town's impoſts on the conſumption of wine, ſpirits, and beer; a tax upon houſes; on pleaſure-boats of all kinds; on the tranſportation of goods for conſumption in ſmall parcels, viz. a licence of about three farthings on each; on the ſociety of pilots in each navigable river, who muſt make up a certain ſum each month; on locks and bridges in inland navigation; on the regiſtering of parcels ſent by trekſchuits or other veſſels; on weighing of all goods: in a word, on almoſt every article of conſumption that can be named.

To cloſe this account, there is a tax upon collateral heritages in three claſſes. A man ſucceeding his brother pays five *per cent;* ſucceeding to his uncle $7\frac{1}{2}$; and to any more diſtant relation 11 *per cent.* of the whole heritage.

Theſe are the principal ſources of revenue in Holland; for the cuſtoms are very trifling, except where they are meant as a prohibition on articles detrimental to their own manufactures. It is ſaid, that one half of all their revenue is expended in keeping their country above water. The public roads are kept in repair by the adjacent landholders and their tenants without any commutation of labour. Numbered poles are ranged along the road to mark every individual's diſtrict, and regiſtered in the ſheriff's books, with the tenant's name over againſt them in another column. The tenants are likewiſe bound by their leaſes to have a water gauge in their ditches, and to make a ſignal on a conſpicuous place when the riſing of the water threatens danger to the country, that all the windmills may be ſet a-going to pump the water from the lower to the higher ditches; ſo that by an equal diſtribution over the whole coun-

country an inundation may be prevented.

One great ſource of the riches in Holland is the herring-fiſhery, which they exerciſe upon our own coaſts of Shetland. This is carried on in veſſels of about 100 tons burden, upon each of which a bounty of 40 l. is given at its firſt building. They ſail from their own coaſt ſo as to reach their deſtination before the 24th of June, which is the firſt day that they are allowed to throw their nets. Each of the buſſes is manned with 15 people. The ſalt they uſe is the beſt bay-ſalt boiled again in ſea-water: they will not beſtow it but on the prime fiſh; all thoſe of inferior quality they immediately throw back into the ſea. The veſſels which return firſt to their own ports receive a conſiderable bounty, beſides having the advantage of the firſt market. The Hollanders are ſo fond of the new herrings, that when they expect their arrival, they will command their ſervants to awake them, even in the middle of the night, that they may be among the firſt to enjoy ſo great a luxury. It is proverbial among them, that the doctors loſe their buſineſs as ſoon as the new herrings arrive.

If theſe few miſcellaneous obſervations afford any entertainment to your readers, I may perhaps ſend ſome more on the ſame ſubject.

T. R.

Piercy's *Croſs*.

SIR,

NEAR the road between Woolerhaugh head and Morpeth ſtands the pillar commonly called *Piercy's Croſs*; the plate of which I herewith ſend you. Upon what particular occaſion this pillar was erected, I am at a loſs to determine; but if we may believe the tradition of the country, it was in memory of the famous battle of Homeldown, fought on the 14th of September 1402, in the reign of King Robert III. of Scotland, the battle which gave riſe to the well-known ballad of Chevy-chaſe. The leaders of the Engliſh army were the Earl of Northumberland, his ſon Henry ſurnamed *Hotſpur*, and George Dunbar Earl of March. The Scottiſh leader was Archibald Earl of Douglas; who, notwithſtanding his brave defence, was totally overcome, himſelf taken priſoner, together with Murdoch Earl of Fife, ſon to the Duke of Albany, the Earls of Murray, Angus, and Orkney, the lords of Montgomery, Erſkine, and Graham, with fourſcore other knights, beſides eſquires and yeomen, whoſe number was not known. There were ſlain of Barons the Lords Gordon and the Lord John of Swinton. The pillar abovementioned is about nine feet high; it had once a capital, which I remember to have ſeen, but which has within theſe few years been taken away by ſome perſon reſiding in the neighbourhood, on account of a diſpute with the family of Northumberland as to the property of it. I am, Yours, &c.

August 6. 1785.

A. C.

Critical Account of the Dramatic Works of Voltaire.

M. De Voltaire, in his tragedy of *Brutus*, had equalled Corneille; in *Zara*, he ſurpaſſed Racine. This piece was performed for the firſt time in 1732. It was the firſt of Voltaire's dramatic works in which he gave himſelf up altogether to his natural ſenſibility. The idea had

ſtruck

ſtruck him of contraſting in the ſame picture, honour, birth, country, religion, with the moſt tender and unfortunate love; Mahometan with Chriſtian manners; the court of a Sultan with that of a King of France; and for the firſt time to make Frenchmen appear upon the tragic ſcene. The deſign was excellent, and the author accompliſhed it in 18 days. But a work ſo ſpeedily conceived, and executed with ſo much rapidity, could not be perfect. The critics were of that opinion.

They found that *Oroſmanes* was more of the French courtier than the Turkiſh Sultan; that it was contrary to all probability that a Turk ſhould check the violence of his paſſion for a ſlave till ſanctified by the rites of hymen; that Zara's call to Chriſtianity was not ſufficiently marked; that her reaſoning on the ſubject of religion was extremely frivolous; that even at her death ſhe continued irreſolute, and it was impoſſible to diſcover whether at that awful moment ſhe felt the ſentiments of a true Chriſtian, or rather a total indifference to religion of every kind: that the latter, on which the cataſtrophe depended, was a trifling conceit, &c. In ſhort, there was no end of their criticiſms; but their praiſe was no leſs profuſe. What an exquiſite ſcene where *Luſignan* diſcovers his children! No tragedy of Racine is more tender, more affecting; never did the performance of any piece cauſe ſuch torrents of tears to be ſhed; and though the ſtyle is in ſome places too negligent, it more commonly poſſeſſes that elegant ſmoothneſs which is the mark of true genius.

The author ſpared no pains in correcting what ſeemed amiſs after each night's performanee; but the actors could not reconcile themſelves to theſe frequent alterations. *Dufreſne*, tired with receiving new corrections every day, at laſt would not admit the meſſenger who brought them into his houſe. M. De Voltaire made uſe of a ſingular ſtratagem to get them received: Underſtanding that the actor had invited a number of his friends to an entertainment, he cauſed a patridge pye to be made, and ſent to *Dufreſne*'s houſe, with ſtrict charges to the bearer to conceal the giver's name. The pye was eagerly opened; and what was the ſurpriſe of the gueſts, to behold twelve partridges, each of them holding in their bills ſeveral written notes containing the verſes which fell to be added, retrenched, or altered, in the part of *Dufreſne!* The company then readily underſtood from whom the preſent came; and they all joined in extolling his new and ingenious method of rendering his corrections acceptable to the actors.

Mahomet, which was firſt repreſented in 1742, placed Voltaire in the ſame rank with *Crebillon*, as *Brutus* had done with reſpect to *Corneille*, and *Zara* to *Racine*. *Mahomet* is, in the opinion of the beſt critics, a maſter-piece of eloquence and poetry. The mad rage of fanaticiſm, the tranſports of ambition and revenge, have never perhaps been painted with greater force; but it is difficult to find actors and ſpectators worthy of this piece.

If in the fourth act one could find young performers capable of all the emotions and tranſports of the moſt impaſſioned minds, a *Seide*, who knew at once to be enthuſiaſtic and tender, naturally gentle, but rendered fierce by fanaticiſm; who could at once diſplay the effects of rage mingled with tears of kindneſs: a *Palmira*, animated, compaſſionate, ſhocked at the crime ſhe is going to commit; feeling already horror, repentance, deſpair at the moment of its commiſſion: a father, truly ſuch, who poſſeſſes the voice, the countenance, the ſtrong paternal feelings; a father who acknowledges his two children in his murderers, who embraces them,

them, and ſhedding tears with his blood, mingles his ſorrows with theirs; who raiſes himſelf up to claſp them in his arms, falls, ſupports himſelf upon them ; in ſhort, whatever Nature and Death can furniſh to ſuch a picture : ſuch ſcenes would ſurpaſs every thing that has been repreſented upon the ſtage.

But if the ſucceſs of Mahomet was doubtful, that of *Meropé*, firſt acted in 1743, was very brilliant. This piece poſſeſſes an advantage over the *Andromaché* of Racine in the ſimplicity of the ſubject. We cannot too much admire the infinite art with which Voltaire has been able to intereſt us ſo much in a piece where love is totally excluded, and where all the ſentiments and circumſtances turn ſolely upon the tender affection of a mother for her ſon : in place of which, in *Andromaché*, the love of *Oreſtes* for *Hermioné*, which is too much in the ſtyle of epiſode, forms the principal buſineſs of the play.

Our young poets, infatuated with romantic and unnatural ſcenes, cannot hear it too often repeated, that Meropé owes all her ſucceſs to her exhibiting nature herſelf ; and if this piece had a fifth act, it would be the firſt model of the drama. What an example of maternal tenderneſs ! what mother ever diſplayed more lively ſentiments ! what alarms for the life of her dear Egyſtus ; what tranſports of joy when ſhe beholds him again ; what fears to loſe him ; what cares to eſtabliſh him on the throne of the *Heraclides* his anceſtors !

The part of *Meropé* conſtituted the triumph of *Mademoiſelle du Meſnil.* What exclamations of tenderneſs and admiration did ſhe not excite, when, with mild looks, her voice half choaked, lifting her trembling hands, ſhe went to ſacrifice her own ſon, when *Narbas* ſtopt her, when letting fall the dagger, ſhe ſwooned away in the arms of her attendants, and returning from that ſtate of death with the furious tranſports of a mother, ſhe inſtantly darted a look at Polyphontes, and croſſing the whole ſtage in a moment, tears in her eyes, paleneſs on her face, with violent ſobs and extended arms, ſhe cried out, " *Barbarian, he is my ſon!*"

This tragedy was leſs approved of in the cloſet than on the ſtage ; which gave occaſion to a very juſt remark of M. de Fontenelle's, " That the *performance* of Meropè had done much honour to *Voltaire*, and the *printing* of it to *du Meſnil.*"—The ſtyle was cenſured as being too careleſs : " There are certainly in this piece, (ſays the Abbé de Fontaines,) a great number of harmonious verſes ; but there are alſo ſome very indifferent, and even bad. M. de Voltaire, in all his works, reſembles *Tintoret* the famous painter of the Venetian ſchool ; of whom the Italians obſerved, that he had three pencils, one of gold, another of ſilver, and a third of iron. It is with theſe three pencils that the *Henriade* has been wrought ; *Oedipus* alone is the work of the golden pencil : but if M. de Voltaire does not always make good verſes, he is conſtantly the man of taſte and the great writer ; he poſſeſſes the art of being eloquent in verſe, a character at once the moſt difficult and rare."

Voltaire having ſhown the manuſcript copy of Meropè to the *Abbé de Voiſenon*, he expreſſed his admiration of it in the ſtrongeſt terms. " *And yet* (ſays Voltaire) *the manager has rejected it.*" It was not long rejected ; and the great merit of the play itſelf, joined to the admirable performance of *Mademoiſelle du Meſnil*, procured it the higheſt applauſe. Voltaire wrote to M. d'Anguberre, " What would you ſay of an actreſs who made the audience ſhed tears three whole acts ! The ſentiments of the public underwent a change ; they placed to my account ſome part of the exceſſive pleaſure they enjoyed from the per-

formance of the actors. Their enthusiasm was carried to such a height, that the pit loudly insisted on seeing me. I was carried by force into the box of *Madame de Villars*, in which was her daughter-in-law the *Duchess*. The pit became intoxicated; they cried out to the Duchess de Villars to kiss me; and made so great a noise, that she was obliged to gratify them by her mother-in-law's orders. I was kissed in public like *Alain Chartier* by the Princess *Margaret of Scotland*; with this difference, that he was asleep, and I was very much the reverse."

The joy of M. de Voltaire on the success of *Meropé* was so excessive, that it really deprived him of sleep: but the attention of the public was soon turned to another object; the execution of a *famous robber engrossed* every conversation, and *Meropé* was forgotten. Voltaire was so jealous of public applause, that he could not conceal his chagrin in a large company where *Madame de Chatelet* happened to be present: that lady being asked what could make M. de Voltaire so sad, she answered, "Nobody now talks of his last new tragedy; the execution engrosses every one's attention——He wishes himself upon the *wheel*."

From the French.

Of the Use of the Doctrine of Chances in ascertaining Truth.

SIR, June 20.

BEING yesterday visiting a friend, whose son is studying mathematics, we entered into a discourse on the doctrine of chances, and its use or application in ascertaining the credibility of human testimony. The young gentleman observed, "that the truth of a fact becomes highly probable when several independent witnesses give evidence thereof; even though each of them should be known to relate, upon an average, as many falsehoods as truths." As I was aware of his mistake, I replied, "That five hundred, nay ten thousand, of such testimonies as he had just mentioned, did not in any degree augment the truth of the matter related; for it was as equally probable they would all deny the truth, as affirm it." On this he produced a book, which, he said, would convince me that I was wrong: and indeed I was surprised to find, in a work published by the celebrated *Dr Priestley*, a proposition militating against what I had advanced, and knew to be true. I saw at once the fallaciousness of the proposition, and apprised the young gentleman of it; giving him, at the same time, a true one for the purpose: but as he was strongly prepossessed in favour of his author, I left him, without being able to remove the prejudice he had imbibed. Wherefore, for the sake of preventing youth from rashly adopting any proposition upon the credit of an author, howsoever reputable, and thereby from the danger of falling into errors, I shall, in this instance, show the fallaciousness of the proposition alluded to, on its own principles; and in lieu thereof, advance a true one for solving such problems. The proposition is the 39th in Hartley's "Theory of the Human Mind," published by Dr Priestley, in which he discourses on the probability of the truth of facts attested by a variety of witnesses, independent on each other; and says, if the evidences are all of equal credibility, and the common deficiency in each be $\frac{1}{a}$, and the number of evidences be n, the deficiency of the resulting probability will be no more than $\frac{1}{a^n}$.

It is happy for the author that he has not proved it. Indeed it would have

have been a task too great. He might, however, have seen his error, the absurdity being gross enough, as I shall presently show from the author's own principles. Thus, if $\frac{1}{a^n}$ express the total deficiency in the truth, $\frac{a^n-1}{a^n}$ will be the total probability of truth: also, $\frac{1}{a}$ being the common deficiency of each person, $\frac{a-1}{a}$ is the probability of each person's relating the truth; and, from the author's principle, $\frac{a-1}{a^n}$ is the total deficiency in the lye, or the resulting probability of truth. Hence $\frac{a^n-1}{a^n}$ and $\frac{a-1}{a^n}$ are equal to each other, which is absurd; as n is, in this case, always greater than an unit. Therefore the proposition is false.

Now to give the true rule, we $\frac{a-1}{a}$ for the probability of each person's relating the truth, and $\frac{\overline{a-1}^n}{a^n}$ for the probability, before this testimony is delivered, of all the evidences agreeing the truth: also, $\frac{1}{a}$ being the probability of each separate person not relating the truth, $\frac{1}{a^n}$ is the total probability, before they deliver their testimony, of their agreeing in the falsehood, or of their not relating the truth; but when their evidence is given, and their testimonies are the same, $\frac{\overline{a-1}^n}{a^n}+\frac{1}{a^n}$ becomes a certainty, or equal to an unit;

and therefore, $\frac{\overline{a-1}^n}{a^n}$ and $\frac{1}{a^n}$ become $\frac{\overline{a-1}^n}{\overline{a-1}^n+1}$, and $\frac{1}{\overline{a-1}^n+1}$, respectively; which expressions are the respective probabilities of the truth or falsehood of the relation given. Therefore, $\frac{1}{\overline{a-1}^n+1}$ is the theorem for finding the deficiency of the resulting probability of truth, and not $\frac{1}{a^n}$, as is erroneously laid down in that book.

N. B. It may not be improper to observe, that, since writing the above, I find the same fallacious principles have been published in the "Transactions of the Royal Society," and other works of equal reputation. Yours, &c"

Rob. Moody.

Gent. M.

Remarks on New Books.

Essays Historical and Moral, by G. Gregory, 6s.

THE subjects of this volume are: Of the Progress of Manners and Society: Of the Influence of Physical and Moral Causes on the Human Mind: Remarks on the History of Superstition: Of certain Moral Prejudices: Observations on the Effects of Civilization, and the Character of the present Times: Of the Invention of Language: Of Alphabetical Writing: Miscellaneous Observations on the History of the Female Sex: Of the Theory of Government: The Advantages of the Republican Form of Government compared with those of Monarchy: Of the Principles of Morals: Miscellaneous Observations on the Atheistical System, and on the

the Morals of the Ancients: Of Religious Eſtabliſhments: Of Education: Of Penetration and Foreſight: An impartial Inquiry into the Reaſonableneſs of Suicide: Of Slavery and the Slave Trade: Of the Juſtice and Humanity of the Slave Trade: Of Slavery and the Slave Trade: Of the good Policy of the Slave Trade: Of certain Cauſes which may prove ſubverſive of Britiſh Liberty.

Theſe ſubjects have been often inveſtigated by able writers. To thoſe who are acquainted with their writings, this work will ſuggeſt little that is new; to thoſe who are not, it may afford inſtruction. The author diſcovers throughout good ſenſe and knowledge of his ſubject, with an enlightened zeal for religion and virtue. The following character of the preſent times is a ſpecimen of his manner:

"That the *manners* are humanized, and the feelings much improved, I believe few will doubt. Intemperance, riot, and ruſticity, have given place to more refined luxury, and the eaſy thoughtleſſneſs of polite diſſipation. The boiſterous paſſions are all of them perhaps reduced to a better diſcipline; which was not the caſe in the decline of *Roman* morals. Avarice is not now even the vice of traders. Theſe have been ſucceeded by other vices, leſs generally pernicious or diſguſting perhaps, but more contemptible and ridiculous.

"The predominant feature of the times appears to be an unbounded taſte for *trifles*; a certain oſtentatious vanity; an imitative and puerile rage for every reigning folly: it is ſeen in our education, our manners, and our arts. Horſemanſhip and dreſs are the accompliſhments moſt in eſtimation; or to be a connoiſſeur in *muſic*, is the higheſt point of intellectual excellence which the man or woman of faſhion can poſſibly attain. To think and act with the multitude, ſaves the trouble of thinking or acting well. Thus a blind admiration of what happens to be in vogue, prevents the diſcrimination of merit, and diverts into wrong channels the ſupplies of benevolence. Thus the claims of neceſſity give way to the impulſes of folly. A favourite actor, or an infamous ſtage-dancer, ſhall accumulate an *oriental fortune*, while a man of letters periſhes for want in a garret. In ſhort, to be prodigal, yet not generous; proud, yet not reſpectable; covetous of reputation, and yet diſregarding every ſolid means of acquiring it; to labour without profit; to ſtudy without information; to converſe without improvement; are the characteriſtics of a frivolous and fantaſtical age. It were happy for ſociety, if the conſequences were as trifling as the purſuits and occupations of the faſhionable world: but the annals of *Doctors Commons*, and the occaſional reports of the *Coroners Inqueſts*, too fatally prove, that to pervert or to neglect the underſtanding, is to deprave the heart."

We ſhall likewiſe preſent our readers with his advice to the ladies about marriage.

"In the preſent ſtate of ſociety, I ſee no means by which the fair ſex may reaſonably hope to eſcape the evils of *domeſtic tyranny*, but by extreme caution and forethought, in what hands they intruſt the future happineſs of their lives. Without preſuming to lay down a ſyſtem for their conduct, in a manner of ſo much importance to themſelves, a little knowledge of character has ſuggeſted a few hints, which may be ſerviceable in preventing improper connections, and which, on that account, a ſenſe of duty will not allow me to ſuppreſs.

"If on any occaſion the morals, as well as temper of the party, with whom a connection is to be formed, ought

ought to be regarded, it is when the whole of temporal enjoyment and satisfaction is at stake. No vulgar maxim has proved more detrimental to female happiness, than, *That a reformed rake makes the best of husbands.* In every instance that has fallen within my observation, the direct contrary has happened. For, in the first place, if the maxim were true, it is far from certain that matrimony will produce a reform. The vanity of an enamoured female may flatter her, that her amiable qualities will effect a reformation; but experience tells us, that the reformation must go deeper than that which is only the momentary effect of an impetuous passion; it must extend to the moral principle, to the whole mode of thinking. A *rake* is but another term for a *sensualist*, which in itself implies the quality *selfish;* he has been accustomed to sacrifice the best interests to his personal gratification; and there are more ways than one of trifling with the happiness of a fellow-creature. Further, the *libertine has acquired a despicable opinion of the sex,* from conversing only with the depraved part of it: and we know that matrimonial tyranny usually originates from a contemptible opinion of the female sex. Lastly, in marrying a rake, there are many chances to one, that a woman marries a *drunkard;* and *drunkenness* is perhaps the only vice that is never to be reformed. I might add, that without some notion of religion, morality has but an uncertain basis——and what *rake* would be thought to entertain any respect for *religion!*

"I would not have the ladies fall into the opposite extreme, and to avoid a profligate take up with a *bigot*. Religious enthusiasm has a natural tendency to sour the temper: and the fanatic derives his morality, not from the mild and equitable precepts of the gospel, but from the rigid and tyrannical institutions of the Jews.

"Some caution will be requisite also, in engaging with a man, whose situation obliges him to be much conversant with the vicious or uncultivated part of mankind; or whose *profession* inures him to high notions of discipline and implicit obedience.

"*Cheerfulness* is doubtless an excellent quality in a husband; but *that unmeaning levity, which is ever on the laugh*, is more frequently the effect of *folly* or of affectation, than of real good temper. It is seldom that such a man condescends to entertain his wife at home in this manner; his jests are reserved for his companions without doors; a part of his satire indeed may happen to be expended within."

Letters on the Elements of Botany, addressed to a Lady, by the celebrated J. J. Rousseau. *Translated into English, with Notes and twenty-four additional Letters, fully explaining the System of Linnæus; by* Thomas Martyn, *B. D. Professor of Botany in the University of Cambridge,* 8vo. 7s.

Though botany be so delightful a study, yet many people are deterred from engaging in it for several reasons. Some imagine it to be attended with too great difficulty; others consider it as of little use, and fit only for the idle; while others pretend to despise it as a study which teaches nothing but names.

The science indeed will chiefly recommend itself to those who enjoy the blessing of leisure and quiet, whose minds are at ease, and who are not harrassed by the anxieties that attend the common pursuits of life. But it will also prove a most agreeable amusement to all whose business does not exhaust the whole of their time;

time; and they will find it one of the moſt convenient, as its objects are not only numerous, but every where and almoſt at all times preſent. The difficulties attending the ſtudy do indeed chiefly ariſe from the great number of terms and names which one is obliged to acquire: but this is ſo neceſſary, that it is fooliſh to think of avoiding it; one might as well (as Rouſſeau ſays) endeavour to become maſter of a language without firſt learning the words of it. Thoſe names and terms ſoon grow familiar, their uſe becomes evident, and we are convinced that the knowledge of them is no trifling matter. The man who has attained this knowledge is alone qualified to enjoy with diſcernment the wonders that are to be found in the œconomy of the vegetable creation; and he alone can communicate to people at a diſtance or to poſterity the diſcoveries which he himſelf may have made. The buſy part of mankind are contented with a very ſuperficial knowledge of nature. They are indeed delighted with the various objects which ſhe every where preſents to them. When they walk through a garden, or in the fields, they admire the appearance of one plant, and are raviſhed with the perfume of another. If you aſk them what it is that charms them? they anſwer, it is the ſight of a tree, or the ſmell of a flower; but whether that tree be an oak or a thorn, whether the flower be gilliflower or jeſſamine, they cannot tell. "And what the better are you, (ſay they) for knowing thoſe names?" "Why, 'tis true, I am not much better for knowing that the Iliad was the compoſition of *Homer*, or that America was diſcovered by *Columbus*; but I would bluſh to think myſelf ignorant of theſe names."

The difficulties attending this ſtudy have greatly decreaſed ſince the invention and improvement of method and ſyſtem. That of Linnæus is at preſent the moſt generally received, becauſe it is the moſt uſeful. Many attempts have been made to render it familiar to thoſe who are not familiar with the language in which it is wrote. The work before us is a tranſlation of ſome letters addreſſed to a lady by the celebrated Rouſſeau, which explain ſome of the moſt common and beautiful natural orders of plants. The letters are wrote in the eaſy epiſtolary ſtyle, and the directions and deſcriptions contained in them are ſo plain and ſimple, that it is impoſſible to miſapprehend them. Dr Martyn, the tranſlator, an eminent naturaliſt, has added in the ſame ſtyle an exemplification of the ſyſtem of Linnæus. He gives not only the characters of every claſs, but thoſe of the orders, and of moſt of the genera. He deſcribes a great number of ſuch ſpecies as are moſt common in the fields or in the gardens of this country; and interſperſes through the whole, and explains many of the moſt uſeful and neceſſary terms.

No work has hitherto appeared which can with more advantage be reſorted to by ſuch as are inclined to proſecute this enchanting ſtudy, and who are at a diſtance from the ordinary means of inſtruction. After a perſon has read this book carefully (not in an eaſy chair, at the fire-ſide, but in the fields, or in a garden, with the plants in his hands) he will find that he has been agreeably led on ſtep by ſtep, till he has attained a conſiderable knowledge of his ſubject. He will then be capable of peruſing with effect the works of Linnæus himſelf; ſuch as the tranſlation of his ſyſtem by the Botanical Society of Litchfield, Roſe's Elements of Botany, &c. and with moderate abilities, he will hardly need any other aſſiſtance.

Though theſe letters are purely elementary, yet they will be read by few

few botanists without information. A deal of useful matter regarding the nectarium of plants will be found in Dr Martyn's 31st Letter; and the 8th Letter contains excellent directions for a hortus siccus.

JACOBI DICKSON *Fasciculus Plantarum cryptogamicarum Britanniæ*, 4to.

THIS work is intended for the *provectiores* in botany. The author's design is to exhibit such British plants of the cryptogamious class as are not to be found in the Floras of Hudson, Curtis, or Lightfoot; and to correct those errors in the designations of a few species which the perusal of the dried specimens of Linnæus and Dillenius has enabled him to detect. Besides the specific names and synonyma of authors, there is generally a very particular description annexed to each plant. The plates which he has subjoined contain 25 figures, and are executed in a very masterly style. It appears to be a work of great merit, and cannot fail to be most acceptable to those who have made the subjects of which it treats the objects of their attention.

A New Journey into Spain, 2 *vols*, 8*vo*.

I SEND you a review of a book, the perusal of which, I presume, will fall to few of your readers, but which deserves to be more known. It is " *Nouveau Voyage en* Espagne, *fait en* 1777 *&* 1778; *dans lequel on traite des Mœurs, du Charactere*, &c. *A* Londres *et à* Paris, 1782, 2 *tomes*," 8vo; or, ' A New Journey into Spain, in the Years 1777-8. In which is given an Account of the Manners, Character, ancient and modern Monuments, Commerce, Theatre, Legislation of the several Tribunals of this Kingdom, and of the Inquisition; with new Details of their present State, and on a recent and famous Proceeding." This is an history of the affair of *Don Pablo de Olivades*, which Baron Dillon copiously relates at the end of his Letters on Spanish Poetry. On casually inquiring for the book, near two years since, I was repeatedly informed that it was out of print. Another account of it, in August last, was, that it had been designedly suppressed; and this I was disposed to give credit to from that freedom of sentiment every where conspicuous throughout the whole. The religion of their church seems to be the principal object of the ridicule of the author.—" Before we leave the *Alhambra*," says he in his account of *Granada*, " let us speak a word of some monuments which have been destroyed, and of which tradition and the zeal of the curious have preserved the memory. The Franciscan convent near the palace of Charles the Vth is constructed upon Moorish ruins. It was built when Philip V. and Queen Isabel Farnese his wife came to Granada. These monks, without respect for the old marbles, which attest the ancient magnificence of their masters, confounded them with the vile materials which transformed a voluptuous palace into idle cells." *Tom.* I. 204.

Generalife is the situation the most agreeable and the most picturesque in the environs of Granada. It is a place privileged by nature.—" Ah!" he observes, " if a countryman of *Sterne* and *Richardson* was the master of

of this palace! There is no place imagined by the makers of romances that can equal it. It is the fite which has given me more regret to fee it inhabited by infenfible proprietors. I groaned to fee the proud and natural terraces of thefe inchanted gardens, paved in compartments; and this place, which was another time the centre of Afiatic voluptuoufnefs, to be reduced to that of fimple reeds, as the barren corner of a cloifter of Capuchins. The pure air which is drawn in at Generalife, the fimple Moorifh ftructure, the clearnefs and abundance of the waters, called back to me the time when Granada was one of the fineft towns of the world. It is now fad and deferted; a total alteration of manners; another government has totally annihilated its glory." *Ib.* 208, 9.

"The firft church I entered at *Antequera*, I heard from every part the finging of birds. I fearched to difcover their habitation which they had been able to make in this holy and unfrequented place; when I difcovered feveral cages hung in different chapels, where they force the finches and the larks to fing the praifes of the Lord.—The principal church of this town has nothing remarkable but a very bad figure reprefenting Jefus Chrift in the garden of Olives. It would be difficult to number the quantity of hearts, arms, feet, and thighs of filver (fee Middleton's *Letter from Rome*), which are fufpended near the ftake." *Ib.* 228.

"The church of *Utrem* is ordinary, very ordinary; but there are feveral chapels richly decorated; and, among others that of *Santiffimo Chrifto*, whofe altar is all of filver, in fuch a manner that there were before this chapel many faithful proftrated; fo much is a filver altar made to infpire devotion." *Ib.* 235.

"The fexton of the church of *Cordova* is not wanting to make you admire a crucifix, which a Chriftian flave, chained to one of the columns of the mofque, traced upon the fame column with his thumb-nail, which muft have been very hard; but nothing is impoffible with God, as our guide obferved to us." *Ib.* 287.

Speaking of the rofary, he remarks, that "few women go out, walk, play, or make love, without having a rofary in their hand. The men have always one hanging at their neck. In their comedies, if they chain the devil, it is with a rofary; and the devil makes horrible howlings, by which the good people are always much edified; but don't let us fpeak ill of the good people, they have a touching credulity.——How much more interefting is the devotion to the dead, the apparitions, the graves ftrewed with flowers, watered with holy water!—Every drop of holy water, fays the prieft, which you fcatter upon the tomb of the dead, extinguifhes a tittle of the fire of purgatory." *Tom. II.* 153.

"The eve of All Souls, in almoft all the towns and villages of Spain, they place rows of benches in a public place, the multitude affemble, and they make a public fale for the profit of the fouls of purgatory. It muft be known, that, fome weeks before this auction, the members of the fraternities pre-defigned for this purpofe make the tour of the houfes, and of the country. They get together every thing that is given them; as fheep, lambs, pigeons, pullets, corn, garden-ftuff; and all thefe matters, got together, are fold to the higheft bidder. The money arifing ferves to pay for maffes. The devout pique themfelves upon fhining at this feaft, and a pigeon is often fold for fix times above its worth. They go to the chace; they give balls for the fouls of the departed; in a word, nothing is neglected to give them all the relief which can depend upon us. The good God, touched, doubtlefs, with

with so much humanity, does the rest. I was witness of this festival in a village of La Mancha; and I asked, upon my return, my hostess, if she had given any thing? Ah! doubtless, answered she with vivacity, and the best of all the pullets I had;"—what would not one do for these poor souls? On All Saints day they carried lighted torches over the tomb of their relations; because this eve of All Souls, all the souls make a procession, and those for whom they have neglected to carry a torch have the misfortune to be present with their arms crossed. Some persons push their zeal still farther; they take care to prepare the principal bed of their house, and to leave it empty, that it may serve as a resting place for erring souls.—When the sick person is in his last moments, he is covered with the habit of a monk; for men and women, if they would be interred, cannot be but in the habit of a religious, which every one chooses according to his devotion, and the good fathers take care to sell very dear the old habits of the convent."

The author observes, in a note, that "Milton (he must be excused, he was not a Catholic,) places in the paradise of fools all those who, in the article of death, are covered with the habit of a monk; thinking, in favour of this disguise, to enter into eternal glory without being known; but they, I think, make use of a bad passport:

> "And they who, to be sure of paradise,
> Dying, put on the weeds of Dominic,
> Or in Franciscan think to pass disguis'd."
> *Paradis perdu, liv. ii.* 154, 5, 6.

"The holy week is for the Spaniards a time of great dissipation; it is true, that their pleasures are in general very tranquil; but in the holidays, the lovers, the devout, and the hypocrites, play each strange parts. The processions made on this week have been hitherto famous for their extravagances; several devotees, their faces masked, naked to their girdle, have been seen to scourge themselves, and to make rivers of blood run from their bodies. The apostles have also been seen in long perriwigs of hemp, holding in their hands great books, and having behind their head a small mirror, to signify that they knew what was to come. In the year 1777, the King thought it bad that they should use these masks, whippings, dances, and that they should go with their arms crossed. He has prohibited all these pious acts under very heavy penalties, and the processions have not been half so ridiculous. I have seen one at Malaga on Holy Thursday. I have known the personages they call *Nazarenos*, or *Nazareens*. These have to their habit a tail, or train, 40 feet long; so that three Nazareens occupy the length of a street, which is very edifying He that could have most stuff at his tail is the fiercest, and, without doubt, the most devout." *Ib.* 60, 1.

"Merit, knowledge, a spirit of justice and truth, are crimes punishable in the eyes of the Inquisition; it persecutes, tooth and nail, the genius and the virtues that accompany them." *Ib.* 211.

How far it is still dreaded may appear from this story: "An inquisitor of Valencia, walking in the environs of this town, discovered, near the great road, a fig-tree loaden with fruit. He took one, and finding it to his palate, learned the name of the proprietor, and without delay summoned him before him. This was a poor countryman, who, at the word of the inquisitor, trembling, and with tears in his eyes, took leave of his wife and relations, thinking he should never see them again. He went and threw himself at the feet of the inquisitor; who told him only that he found his figs excellent, and begged of him to bring him a bas-

basket. The countryman, transported with joy, got up, came to his field, filled a large basket with the fruit, and dug up the tree, that henceforward it should not give him such another fright." *Ib.* 219.

The author, who resided not less than three years in Spain, acquired great knowledge and authentic information of that kingdom. Granada seems to be his favourite spot. "This alone," he observes, tom i. 24. "shows the traces of the happy days of the reign of the Moors. The *Alkambra* and *Generalif* would alone suffice to prove the reality of the brilliant descriptions which have been preserved to us in a multitude of Arabian tales; and one might say, without exaggerating too much, that the poets wrote after the monuments raised by the architects, or that they built after edifices imagined by the poets."—Another particular must not be omitted: "The country which surrounds it is a terrestrial paradise; one sees all around enchanting places, but so neglected, Nature there is so left to herself, that those who love her groan, at every step, to see the little profit from those happy spots which she offers for embellishment and pleasure.—They say the Moors regret none of their great losses in Spain but that of Granada. They mention it in their evening prayers every Friday, and ask of Heaven to be re-established there. The last Moorish ambassador who came to Spain, about 10 years ago, obtained of the King permission to see Granada. On entering the *Alkambra* he began to weep, and could not refrain from saying, My ancestors lost very foolishly this delightful land." *Ib.* 157.

This pleasing traveller is not unacquainted with the writers of our country. Speaking of *La Mancha*, the country famous for the loves and travels of Don Quixote, he tells us, that the women there are handsome and well made; that he discovered in that canton the habits and customs which *Cervantes* has so well described in his inimitable book. There is not a labourer, not a young country girl, but is well acquainted with Don Quixote and Sancho. There is, in the inn at *Quesada*, a well that bears the name of the knight errant. There this hero kept the watch of his arms. Such is the lot and recompence of men of genius; their poesies give them credit, and with the people themselves they have monuments. So *Shakespeare*, among the English, has given his name to roads and mountains. *Ib.* 318.

He expresses of *Fielding*'s book of the causes of crimes, and the means to prevent them, his wishes that he had had time to finish so useful a work. In this note he acquaints his readers, that travelling had given him some ideas upon this important subject. "I have seen, (says he) in general, that the countries where industry and commerce have acquired the highest degree of perfection, are those where theft is most multiplied. There is no country where there are so many robbers as in England." Spain, according to him, is the country where they execute fewer than any where. In near three years of his being there, he never heard an execution mentioned.

The possessing a book, more valuable for its intrinsic merit than its singular rarity, and which gives pleasure on each re-perusal, made me desirous of giving your readers some share with me, and impelled me to trouble you with this.

Yours, &c.

A. B.

June 10.

The

The Casket; or, Double Discovery, 2 vols, 6s.

THE wiles and the detection of a hypocrite, and the trials and constancy, together with the rewards of virtue, form the general outline of this sensible, animated, and well written novel.

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The Denouement; or, the History of Lady Louisa Wingrove; by a Lady. 3s.

THOUGH the plot is not very interesting, nor the denouement very striking, yet this little novel is not destitute of amusement and instruction. The language is in general easy and perspicuous, and sometimes forcible and elegant; particularly in the 25th Letter, where the fair author kindles with her subject, and glows into a kind of Platonic rapture on the contemplation of love and benevolence.

The Coalition; or, Family anecdotes, 2 vols, 6s.

NO political coalition this, but one in private life, which we can recommend to our readers as being conducted with a pathos that is made subservient to the cause of virtue; and the situations in which the principal characters are placed, though interesting, are not improbable. At the conclusion, in the author's words, we find, "virtue triumphant, universally loved, esteemed, admired, and reverenced; and vice sunk beneath contempt, buried in obscurity, unpitied, unregarded, tormented by mental reflections, and harrassed by mutual reproaches and revilings; but such was the fate of a *coalition*."

Conquests of the Heart; by a Young Lady, 3 vols, 9s.

AS this novel is said to be the production of a young Lady, it claims in that point of view both our indulgence and our praise. The language is in general correct, and the author possesses some knowledge of human nature, and some insight into the fashionable manners of the times. The story is interesting, though in some parts strained beyond the limits of probability; and the principal events would certainly have had more claim to originality, if Cecilia had not been published, or had not been read by the writer of this book.

The Virtuous Villagers; by John Potter, 2 vols, 6s.

FROM amid the crowd of trivial or vicious productions which have lately usurped the name of Novels, it

is a peculiar pleaſure to announce one in which learning, genius, taſte, and ſentiment, are united under the auſpices of moral improvement. The Virtuous Villagers blends the ſenſe of age with the fire of youth; and, to uſe the author's own words, "without ſubſcribing to the wiſhes of juvenile indiſcretion, paints characters with that vivacity, as muſt ſnatch the attention of the fair and the gay, yet leave the heart untainted, while the mind is profitably enlarged."

THEATRE.

AT the Theatre Royal in the Hay-market Mr Coleman has brought forward another of his novelties—"I'LL TELL YOU WHAT!" a comedy in five acts, written by Mrs Inchbald, whoſe pen laſt year produced the agreeable little After-piece, A MOGUL TALE, Or the *Deſcent* of the BALLOON.

The comedy opens with a ſcene between Sir George Euſton and his uncle Mr Euſton; from which it appears that Mr Euſton is juſt returned from the Weſt Indies, aſtoniſhed to find Sir George, whom he had a little time before left in a ſtate of conjugal felicity, married to a ſecond wife, and his firſt lady united to Major Cypreſs. He expreſſes great diſpleaſure at this event; and obſerves, that his brother Anthony, whoſe arrival is hourly expected, he is certain will never forgive ſuch want of rectitude, as he renounced his only ſon for barely marrying without his conſent. In a future ſcene, Major Cypreſs relates to Col. Downright, who is upon terms of intimacy with all parties, the circumſtance of his intrigue with Lady Harriot—that he was diſcovered in a cloſet, and that in endeavouring to apologiſe to Sir George, he exclaimed with ſome embarraſſment, *I'll tell you what;* that from ſome other circumſtance a divorce took place,—that he married Lady Harriot; and that as Sir George had a ſecond lady, he purpoſed trying his fortune with her alſo.——Sir Harry Harmleſs, an inſignificant friend, who reſides with the Major and his lady, is made the unmeaning inſtrument of this deſign.

Mean while Anthony Euſton arrives, and intends a viſit to his niece, Sir George's lady; but upon meeting the new wife, conceives there is ſome miſtake, and requeſts to ſee Lady Harriot: He is accordingly informed of her reſidence, and finds her at home.—He addreſſes her with great affection; which creates an aukward confuſion in her, as ſhe is aware he cannot have heard of her being divorced from his nephew. Major Cypreſs at this time entering, explains that Lady Harriot is now his wife; upon which Anthony concludes his nephew to be dead, till relieved by the true ſtory; on which he takes his leave. The conduct of Sir George being perfectly amiable, Anthony Euſton is reconciled to his new marriage;—but ſoon after being in the carriage of Lord Leyden, his Lordſhip ſtops it ſuddenly, and takes up a young woman, who appears in diſtreſs. His Lordſhip's object is to ſeduce her; and ſhe finds a protection in Anthony.—He takes her to his own houſe; and upon inſiſting to know her ſtory and name, finds her to be the wife of his poor offending ſon, whom poverty has forced to accept an enſign's commiſſion in the Eaſt Indies. He is on the point of leaving her to meet Lord Leyden, from whom he has received a challenge; but is prevented by the entrée of Col. Down-

Downright; who gives notice, that a young officer he had just before met at Lord Leyden's, was below, wanting to see the young woman whom Anthony Euston had taken from his Lordship. Anthony on this withdraws, and sends in his new-found daughter, to give the officer the desired meeting. He proves to be her husband; but considering her as a polluted object, he determines on killing her violator. Anthony Euston now enters; on which the officer makes a pass at him with his sword; but discovering him to be his father, drops on his knees. Here a reconciliation takes place between these material characters of the drama.

It is necessary now to make a retrospect to the conduct of Lady Harriot—Her depraved mind urges her to disturb the peace of her first husband and his new wife, whose state of felicity she envies. The present Lady Euston, being however possessed of a shrewd mind, laughs at the contrivance, and even writes a letter to Sir Harry Harmless, the more effectually to point her retaliation. This letter coming to Lady Harriot's hand, she sends her maid Bloom to Sir George; with the plea, that as she is on her death-bed, she wishes to see him before she dies. He accordingly goes to her by the advice of his lady; but before he can see her, Major Cypress comes home.—Lady Harriot, residing in the identical house in which she lived previous to her divorce, Sir George takes refuge in the very closet in which the Major had been formerly detected. An interview of *jangling* now takes place between the Major and Lady Harriot; which is broken by the entrance of Sir George Euston's uncles, his lady, and other friends; who being apprised of his visit, demand to know where he is concealed. Sir George opening the closet, appears, and occasions a hearty laugh against the Major, whose former expressions of triumph are quoted against himself. The Major here takes an abrupt departure; Lady Harriot is pitied for her frailties and errors, and even the friendship of the assembly promised her; with which scene the piece terminates.

It is not easy to decide *what* we ought properly to call this composition. It is not an absolute Comedy, for it contains many scenes, not merely serious, but uncommonly pathetic. It is not a direct tragedy, for it abounds with humour and pleasantry, lively dialogue, whimsical incidents, and laughable situations. The truth, perhaps, is somewhat like the case of *The School for Scandal.* The author had originally framed two distinct dramas or stories, now with art and address brought together, but still leaving traces of their original *individuality*, if we may hazard the expression. As matters are, however, though some critical objections may be made to the piece as a regular drama, yet the effect of the whole is irresistible; as a Gothic building sometimes strikes more awe than the symmetry of Grecian architecture. *The Mogul Tale* of Mrs Inchbald, where she launched forth in a balloon, was a work of promise; but we did not so soon expect to see her take so bold a flight, and make so lofty an excursion, as in the play of *I'll tell you What!* The prologue, properly enough turned on this circumstance; and the epilogue was founded on the most *critical minute* in the play. Both were well received, and both are said to be the *jeux d'esprit* of the manager. The speakers did them ample justice, and the whole performance was well sustained by the performers.

In Defence of the Tragedy of ISABELLA.

SIR,

IN your critique last month upon the theatrical abilities of Mrs Siddons, you pronounced some severe censures on the favourite tragedy of Isabella, which I am persuaded that admirable performance does not deserve. Your candour will admit the following remarks into your repository, by way of a defence.

It is first objected, That Baldwin could have no reason to hate Isabella. Hear the play itself: "Were you not," says Baldwin to her, "devoted, wedded to a life recluse?" Isabella had been a nun.

"Call to mind
Your perjur'd vows, your plighted broken faith,
To heaven, and all things holy."

"You spread your charms
To catch his soul to be the instrument,
The wicked instrument of cursed flight."

Baldwin, as every Roman Catholic would, looked upon the marriage as infamous. Hear the play again: "She had settled all her fortune upon a nunnery." Again: "I think our young master was not in the wrong, but in marrying without a portion. That was the quarrel I believe."

Baldwin, it appears, had motives of avarice for hating Isabella; his views of matching Biron to a fortune were disappointed. It was extremely natural for him therefore to disapprove of the choice of his son; and his severity in disinheriting him was, considering the relentless character of Baldwin, equally natural.

Biron had been the favourite son, and Baldwin could not be consoled for losing him; and as he considered Isabella as the cause, she became the object of his utmost detestation.

"My old Lord hates her," says the nurse, "as if she had been the cause of his going thither," (to Candy). "You have," says Baldwin himself, "destroyed those hopes I fondly raised through my declining life to rest my age upon."

Causes more obvious could hardly be suggested. But though Baldwin continued to hate Isabella with unrelenting, or rather increasing fury, yet it no where appears from the play that he still continued to hate Biron's memory: Throughout he speaks of him in terms of the highest regard, and lays all the blame of his disobedience upon Isabella:

"Circe, you prevailed
Upon his *honest* mind, transforming him
From *virtue and himself*."

He loves the child for his sake:

"It touches me,
And I will save him."

Therefore I perceive no inconsistency in his exclaiming to Carlos,

"Hadst thou been a brother!"

He would, he insinuates, have pardoned him, and it is probable he would have pardoned Isabella too; for when he knew his son was not dead, the principal cause of his hatred to her was removed. The *curse being entailed*, and the preferring a *beggar's bastard* for a wife to his son, is the language of passion which exaggerates every thing, and vilifies whatever it is offended with. Baldwin, it is true, though he is inexorable at the beginning of the piece, relents at last, and pities Isabella. You can find no other reason for this, but that it was necessary for the author. I do not grant that it was necessary for the author that Baldwin should relent; for the piece might have been concluded very well though he had continued inflexible: but the minds of the spectators, wrought up to the highest degree of compassion for Isabella, would have been shocked, had even so obdurate a character as that of Baldwin not been moved at her late distresses; and therefore the

the author, very properly, has not carried his sternness so far: his heart is hard, but not absolutely a stone; such a character would have been unnatural. He is a savage character, and enjoys to the utmost the first moments when he supposes his revenge completed; but after he is glutted with it, the new and unheard of calamities brought upon her by the crimes of his younger son, and the virtue she exhibits, disarm him; not because it is necessary for the author, but as the only probable effect of what had passed.

For the villany of Carlos, there is certainly those distinct and evident motives which you require. Many reasons concurred to make him forward the marriage with Villeroy. The one you have quoted from the play, that Biron could not outlive her loss, though forcible, is not the only one; they suggest themselves in a crowd to the spectator even without explanation. The first thing Carlos does after the marriage is to inform his father of that event; and he then takes the opportunity of exasperating him still more against Isabella. The infant was an object of jealousy to him: "That boy," says he, "is an adder in my path." And the marriage with Villeroy, whose family Baldwin detested on account of Carlos's "slighted passion, the refused alliance" Carlos naturally thought would estrange his father's mind the more to "the widow and the infant of Biron; of his son, his favourite son:" so that he in consequence was the more secure of succeeding to the whole of his father's wealth.

He, besides, hated Villeroy for the same reason that his father did. He envied his greatness; and hoped, if he could mortify and disgrace him by an adulterous connection, or wound him by the ruin of Isabella, he then would have no rival in the state:

——————Only him.
His upstart family with haughty brow
Looks down upon our house.——

But you observe, that whenever Biron came home, Carlos's villany must have been detected? How does that appear? Carlos wrote letters. This is the only circumstance upon which he could possibly be detected. But even in these letters, the hand might be so disguised, that the treachery could not be brought home to him before a partial judge, especially such as he expected in his father. These letters are not said to be in his own hand; and so little use is made of them in the fable, that it was quite superfluous in the poet to explain himself on that head; which he could easily have done, and by a single word obviated your objection, without altering the rest of the story a jot. Carlos, therefore, had just hopes of the parties being involved in disgrace and ruin, without his being known as the cause; but, that consideration apart, the crime of concealing Biron's being alive, was, if discovered, as fatal to him as the additional enormity of forwarding Isabella's marriage could be. He had, therefore, nothing further to fear from taking that step, than he would have had to fear in simply concealing Biron's being alive. And this last, it will be granted, he had the strongest motives for that can be figured; the succession to Baldwin's estate, and to avoid the mortifying situation of a younger brother.

The machinations of Carlos against his brother, Isabella, and Villeroy, are therefore to be traced to such motives as commonly influence a desperate villain, such as he is represented. Nor is it, in my humble apprehension, inconsistent with his character, when an opportunity is offered him, to attempt to make all sure. He seized upon the most cunning expedients his situa-

ſituation afforded, as long as Biron was away; but when he came home, ſome of theſe he was afraid would endanger his ſafety.

"He will unfold ſome practices which I cannot well anſwer."

What theſe were is not mentioned, nor is it neceſſary: it is left to our imagination, which immediately ſuggeſts, that ſome of his tricks, though they would have anſwered the purpoſe to a hair as long as Biron was in ſlavery, were not ſuited to the circumſtance of his coming home, and perhaps getting the ear of Baldwin;—not to mention the original motive of all his villany, which would have been entirely defeated in its ends had Biron been ſuffered to approach his father's houſe. Carlos, therefore, immediately takes the deſperate reſolution, but the only one his ſituation admitted of, of aſſaſſinating Biron, and charging Villeroy with the murder; and it is not the moſt inconſiderable beauty of this admirable piece, that he would have ſucceeded in his deſign, had his accomplice not been caught, and diſcovered him.

Villeroy, you obſerve, is an *harmleſs Gentleman*: How inadequate the phraſe for deſcribing this generous, humane, and delicate character! I cannot admit that it was brutal to exclaim againſt the liberty taken by Biron, or even to draw. The ſituation is finely imagined, and the conduct of the characters highly affecting as well as natural. The lady was Villeroy's bride; could any thing be more ſhocking than to ſee another, whover it was, approach her as a lover? He is ſtruck and aſtoniſhed, and forgets entirely the claims of Biron. Had he been more juſt, he could not have ſupported the character of a lover.

The laſt objection you take notice of is more difficult to anſwer than any of the reſt; but it cannot be admitted to the extent you would carry it. All the incidents, it is true, ſhould ariſe out of the texture of the fable; and the archbiſhop's illneſs, it muſt be confeſſed, is merely an expedient to get Villeroy out of the way. But you deal rather hardly with the poet. If we were to judge every play by the ſame rule, not one could eſcape. I ſhall take an inſtance from one of our moſt perfect tragedies, I mean Douglas. John of Lorn, with his troops, paſſing by Lord Randolph's caſtle, ſerves as an expedient for the poet to diſmiſs Randolph and Glenalvon a little, till Lady Randolph makes the diſcovery to Norval. It was natural, to be ſure, that the troops of Lorn, or any other troop, headed by a valiant leader, ſhould paſs by juſt at that critical time when the poet wanted them; but how, I aſk, does it ariſe out of the fable? No more than the poor archbiſhop's illneſs. But in both caſes the incident is ſo interwoven and connected with the ſtory, that they appear to ariſe out of it. The Lorn troops, from the hoſtile preparations every where in Scotland at the ſuppoſed time: the neceſſity for Villeroy's immediate departure ariſes in ſome degree from the marriage itſelf; for the archbiſhop was ſuddenly taken ill on the journey he had undertaken merely to do his brother honour on his nuptials, and was left helpleſs on the road. It is as natural for a man's brother or friend to viſit him on his marriage, as for troops to march and countermarch in war *.

K. A.

The

* We have readily given place to the above anſwer to the doubts which we expreſſed in the laſt number with reſpect to the extraordinary degree of merit that has been by ſome perſons attributed to the play of *Iſabella*. We give credit to the ingenious K. A. for his acute perception of *motives*, and for his dexterity in exhibiting them to all poſſible advantage: But as we are well aware, that it would be deemed an ungracious taſk to enlarge farther upon

The LAST WILL.

HASSAN BEN-AIOUB, a rich citizen of Baſſora, a widower, and without children, felt himſelf attacked with an incurable diſeaſe, and threatened with a ſpeedy death. One day, when ſome of his friends had come to ſee him, he acknowledged to them, that he intended to go to the Cadi and intreat him to come and receive his laſt will immediately. Agib, one of theſe friends, tenderly reproached him for that cruel acknowledgment, that reſolution ſo ſtrange, and, according to him, ſo premature. But after all, added he, I ſee, my dear Haſſan, the reſpectable motive which induces you: You believe that you cannot too ſoon conſider what will become of thoſe conſiderable effects which heaven has beſtowed on you after you are gone. You fear they may fall into unworthy hands, and that the criminal uſe which may be made of them will be imputed to you. Sage Haſſan, I have nothing more to ſay. I go myſelf to ſeek the public officer you aſk after, and I will bring him to you immediately. Agib went out wiping his eyes, which dropt no tears; and in leſs than half an hour he returned with the Cadi. The ſick perſon then drawing out from beneath his pillow a ſealed packet, ſaid to the magiſtrate, Light of the law, behold the laſt requeſts of a dying man: I depoſite them in your hands, which the gold of corruption dare not venture to ſtain. When the angel of death ſhall have diſengaged my ſoul from its priſon, deign to open this laſt will in preſence of my relations and my friends; but above all, in preſence of my good friend Agib. Haſſan died ſome days afterwards; and ſcarcely had they cloſed his eyes, when Agib in haſte conducted before the Cadi all thoſe whom the deceaſed had deſired to be preſent. The muſſulman judge, after ſhowing them the ſeal ſafe and entire, broke it open himſelf, and gave the will open to his ſecretary; who read with a loud voice what follows:

In the name of the juſt and merciful God. Before quitting the caravanſera of this world, where I have paſſed a ſhort and wretched night; I Haſſan, the ſon of Aïoub, the ſon of Abdalla, leave this writing, by which I diſpoſe of all the goods to which I have right that I do not carry along with me.

I have threatened my nephews David and Achmet, to make them repent their conduct which has frequently diſpleaſed me; and I am now to keep my word with them——quite otherwiſe than they imagine. They are young and a little fooliſh; but will they continue to be ſo? they are the ſons of my brother who loved me, and the grandſons of my father. I leave them then the fortune which that good father left me, and all that my cares, my œconomy, and the bleſſing of heaven have added to it. If they abuſe my gift, the ſin be on their head. I leave them, I ſay, all I poſſeſs; but under this condition nevertheleſs, that they ſhall diſcharge the legacies after-mentioned.

I ſhall leave none to the poor derviſes, and even none in favour of hoſpitals. Thanks to heaven, my hands opened of themſelves to pay to indigence the tribute that is its due: but in dying I keep them ſhut; it is the buſineſs of my heirs to open theirs.—What merit have I in giving to God that which he is about to take from me? and how will he regard theſe poſthumous charities which flatter the pride of the teſtator, and coſt his avarice nothing?

I will, that from the time of my death, all my ſlaves without exception ſhall be abſolutely and for ever free. They merit this the more that they ſeem to me never to have deſired it, till they dreaded the loſing me. I bequeath to ſuch among them as age or infirmities have rendered unable to work, an alimentary penſion proportioned to their wants, and which ſhall not be leſs than 50 pieces of gold.

As to the others, I love them too well to expoſe their virtue to the dangers of idleneſs. They will live like decent citizens by the trades which I have made them be taught; and I content myſelf with bequeathing to each 150 pieces of gold, which they will employ in forming their little eſtabliſhments.

I bequeath to the Emir Manſour my Arabian horſe, with his authentic genealogy, and

upon the faults and defects of a play which afforded to *Mrs Siddons* the firſt opportunity of ſhining forth in all her brightneſs of dazzling ſplendour, and which by that means has been reſcued from neglect and diſtinguiſhed by popular applauſe, we ſhall leave to be determined by our readers, Whether the *motives* ſuggeſted by K. A. are ſufficiently diſtinct, obvious, and rational; how far he has ſucceeded in his endeavours to make theſe motives, together with the conduct purſued by *Baldwin* and *Carlos*, appear perfectly conſiſtent with their reſpective characters, with the outrageous unrelenting ſeverity of the one, and the cool premeditating villainy of the other; and whether, upon the whole, the Fatal Marriage ought not rather to be conſidered as the haſty ſketch of a fine tragedy, than as a finiſhed and perfect performance.

and his trappings adorned with the pearls of Bahrem.

I bequeath to Molla Saheb my golden ink-standish; and to his brother the Iman an ancient alcoran, written on blue vellum in letters of gold; the same, it is said, on which the Calif Omar read on Fridays to the faithful assembled in the great mosque.

That book excepted, I bequeath to the philosopher Amrou all the library which he has taken so much pains to form. I know that he loves books, and that it would be more easy for him to make good ones than to buy them. I therefore leave him mine; but on this express condition, that he first of all accept the purse of 1000 pieces of gold, which for more than 20 years I have pressed him in vain to accept. If he still refuses this last mark of my friendship, I renounce him from that moment; and I pray our common friends to avenge my insulted memory, by giving up all connection with this unreasonable philosopher.

I believe I shall have less difficulty to prevail on my good friend Agib to accept of a legacy. What do I not owe to this dear Agib? He has attached himself to me almost in spite of myself, from the time he saw me old and infirm; and he did not even quit me when he saw me dying. It is he who made me perceive a thousand perfections I possessed, of which neither myself nor any person could form a doubt. It is he who has observed with an eye of severity all the follies of my nephews, who has kept an exact register of them, and given me a more than faithful account of them. But what shall I bequeath to that friend, so officious and so zealous? A good advice of which I expect he will profit: Choose better your dupes, my dear Agib, and never attempt to impose on a friend, unless he is rich, weak, and vain. You will find enough of this description!

Done at Bassora the 322d year of the Hejira, the sixth day of the moon of Regeb.

HASSAN BEN-AIOUB,
The servant of God.

P O E T R Y.

APOLLO'S ROUT.

By the Marchioness of Buckingham.

APOLLO, facetious and merry, no doubt,
The Muses to please, had a mind to a rout;
Wing'd Hermes was order'd to tap at each door,
Who smil'd at commands never given before:
" Let the Deities know that Apollo's at " home,
" And begs they will do him the honour to " come."

Upon hearing the news, mark Diana the prude—
" What, go to the man who to Daphne was " rude!
" My compliments make—I'm engag'd on " that day,
" And have business below that can't be said nay."

The house put in order, the chairs in a row,
Apollo, as fine and perfum'd as a beau,
Put on his white gloves, and conducted the guests in;
The Goddesses all came, dress'd out to a pin.
The tea carried round to the Ladies, if dry,
To Juno the first—to the rest by and bye:
The nectar I mean—for a Goddess, d'ye see,
Sips nectar, when thirsty, instead of green tea.

The card-tables plac'd, and the parties all made,
At games most in fashion the company play'd;
When, lo, Venus was miss'd!—Why, where is she flown?
They cry all out at once—" She can ne'er be " alone;
" And what is still stranger, the men are all " here:
" She's come to some dreadful disaster I " fear."
These words were repeated again and again,
When a rap at the door puts them out of their pain;
Fair Venus comes laughing—" I'll tell you fine news,
" I'm just come from earth, so my dress " you'll excuse.
" (But first, my respects to Apollo I'll pay,
" And apology make for my keeping a" way.)
" You know that I'm curious, I thought it " was odd,
" That Diana alone should refuse the bright " God.
" At a distance I follow'd, and what did I " see,
" But Endymion with her playing under a " tree,
" The maid was so fond, you'd have sworn " it was me.

" She

"She had business you see; she has told
"you no lie,
"She's no better than me, but a little more
"sly."
The company parted, all ready to burst;
And happy was she who could tell it the
first.
To suspect you, ye prudes, cannot now be
thought rude;
Diana herself, till found out, was a prude.

To the Marchioness of BUCKINGHAM *on the above Jeu d'Esprit.*

WHEN angel Temple wakes the lyre,
The coldest bosom feels the fire;
Apollo bends with rapture down,
And thinks the music all his own:
With envy only Venus stung,
Condemn'd the strains which Temple sung.
"Don't you," she cried, "Apollo, see,
"She'll rival you as well as me?"
Whilst to the cave Diana flies,
Where lock'd in sleep Endymion lies,
To bar the door, lest sounds so sweet,
As Temple breathes, his ear should meet,
Th' entranced boy from sleep should wake.
And he for Dian Temple take.

PETRARCH.

A Fragment by the MILK WOMAN *of Bristol.*

——MY soul is out of tune,
No harmony reigns here, 'tis discord all:
Be dumb, sweet Choristers, I heed you not;
Then why thus swell your liquid throats, to
cheer
A wretch undone, for ever lost to joy,
And mark'd for ruin? Seek yon leafy grove,
Indulgent bliss there waits you; shun this
spot
Drear, joyless, vacant, as my wasted soul,
Disrob'd of all her bliss: here heave, my
heart,
Here sigh thy woes away; unheard the
groan,
Unseen the falling tear; in this lone wild
No busy fool invades thy hoarded griefs,
And smiles in ignorance at what he feels
not.
Yet, indulge not, list'ning winds may
catch
Coherent sighs, and waft them far away,
Where levity holds high the senseless roar
Of laughter, and pale wo, abash'd, retires.
Or, should my woes be to the winds diffus'd,
No longer mine once past the quiv'ring lip;
Like flying atoms in the sightless air,
Some might descend on the gay, grinning
herd;
But few, how few, would reach the feeling
mind!
Officious Truth! unwelcome guest to
most,
Yet I will own thee, and bid Hope good
night,
Fond, soothing flatterer! Nineteen years are
past,
Since first I listen'd to her pleasing lore;
Ah, me! how bright she painted future
scenes,
And sweetly spoke of blessings yet unborn!
Now, fond Deceiver, where's the promis'd
good?
But, oh! thou'rt lovely, and I'll ne'er ac-
cuse
Or hate thee, though we never meet again.
With thee, Despair, must I then tread the
path
Of tedious life, nor cast one look behind,
On all the piles of bliss gay Hope has
rais'd?
But Heaven thought otherwise—O, gene-
rous world!
Thou who so frankly hold'st th'embitter'd
draught,
Accept my surly thanks, and few are due
Where little is bestow'd. The reasoner
raves,
Lifts the hard eye, and with long-winded
speech,
And self-applauding dialect, condemns
My mind, thus straying from the trodden
path:
I heed you not, nor have I time to spin
The thread of argument; yet fain wou'd
know
The ready road to rest. Teach me, ye wise,
You who have trod the endless, endless
whirl
Of measureless conjecture, still upheld
By brilliant Fancy's rapture-giving wing:
O you! whose spirits rove beyond yon orbs,
To find the realms of rest, for such there
are,
To prove a home when the sad soul shall
need it.
Imagination wanders, while the eye
Seems far extended, though the senseless
balls
Distinguish nought, but, every sense call'd in,
Is buried in the dusky, deep recess
Of meditation. What's the grand result?
Ye studious sages, where's the fix'd abode?
Where's that eternal home beyond the
grave?
Oh! deign to tell a fellow-wretch like me,
Unwilling to be nothing; are not you?
Else why this search—and where's the great
success?
Say, have you found it? can you teach the
road
Which thither leads? Ah, no! th'accounts
brought home
Differ so far, millions of Heavens are formed;

Each vain philosopher by pride misled,
Presents you a futurity his own;
By that secur'd, the self-sufficient sage,
Indifferent, views the groupe of anxious souls
Searching the path to rest; if his they miss,
He swea s no other way can e'er be found,
And then consigns them o'er to endless wo.
Oh! narrow notion of a God supreme!
Oh! barbarous portrait of a God all love!
I'll think no more. Ye deep-distracting doubts,
Bewilder not my soul; for see, the page
Of boundless Mercy, and of Christian Faith,
Clears up the doubtful future; all is peace,
Hope dawns, an earnest of the perfect day.

PROBATIONARY ODES *for the Laureatship.*

ODE *by* PAUL LE MESURIER, *Esq; Member du Parliament pour le Bourg du Southark, Alderman of la Ville d' Londre, &c. &c.*

I.

EH! vat is all dis vork;—O *Diable!*
Dismiss dis Inglis roast-beef rabble,
Mon cher Compte Salisbere,
A Frenchman sure can better sing.
Vat 'tis dat constitute a King,
Dan *John*, dat stubborn bear;
Ce People brusque, dis folk ill-bred
Vould make deir King a log—
On his *Arrets* vould sooner tread.
Dan Frenchman eat a frog;
Oh den, let me de task *precieuse* enjoy,
De great *Monarque* to sing, de true Britannic *Roi.*

II.

George he vell know vat tis dat make
De lostre of a crown,
Den shall he not his *plaiser* take,
Vid dat vich is his own?
Your bodies and your souls are his,
Should not his vill be law?
Can Heav'n's vicegerent do amiss?
Can Brunswic make *faux pas?*
God made him vid de very view,
Vous Inglis *betes*, to govern you;
Gave him un *grand* and mighty soul,
Above de base *Canaille's* controul,
To see not vid a subject's eyes,
But all deir petty vants despise;
Of plaints and bold *prieres* de hater,
He be best *Judge* of deir *bien-etre*,
Vants no rude mob for him to cater.

III.

Heaven made him no less good dan *sage*,
De glory of de eighteent age,
And gave him friends to grace his trone,
Un *Ramus* and un *Jenkinson*;
Give him one closet, snug and dark,
Vere oft retire dis *just Monarque*,
To prove 'gainst *Vigs* his mighty tondre,
Or vid his vit make *Powney* vondre;
Dere ses *decrees* he issues fort,
Make *Sidney* wise take place of *Nort*,
Makes *Fock* vid all his talk give way,
Dat deep *Caermarthen* may have sway;
Make *Portland's* Duke, de *peuple's* joy,
Resign de helm, to please a boy.
Oh, who can dis observe, but own dou art,
Un Roi mon George, a *very* King at heart.

IV.

Attendez! vat is dat I hear!——
Vat horrid sound do strike mine ear,
Vat base *seditieuse* vork:
Tachez, mon a ie, to bear de shock.
'Tis sure de voice of *Charley Fock*,
Or *Seridan*, or *Bourke*
Helas!—Mon Dieu!
O v...oleu!
I sink in *desespoir*
Dat any *gens*
De Parliaments,
So fail in deir *devoir*.
Not so *en France* dere no such *bardiesse*,
Dere all be *complaisance* and *politesse*;
Vat de King say,
Dey cross *jamais*,
As it can never wrong;
Nor like des folk,
In trute or joke,
Indulge deir lawless tongue.
Dere as dey ought de *Legislateurs* be,
Dey silence keep and registre *edits.*

V.

Ah, Sire, vat raise de *Gallic* trone so high,
Vat make de subject *souple comme il faut;*
Tis dat *si vite* de Royal Lightnings fly,
Dat ere de sound men oft receive de blow;
'Tis de *arret*,
And *prompt cachet*,
Dat takes folks by surprize;
Ainsi none speak,
Of politique,
En France if dey be vise.
Tis *stricte police*, stout *mousquetaire*,
Den listen King of *Angleterre*,
And *comme un Roi de France vous seriez arbitraire.*

VI.

By gen'ral varrant you may sway,
And rule de roast as vell as dey;
Now *Vilkes loyale* and *Camden* too,
Vill bote assiste your kingly view,
And *pour un Roi* despotic who so fit
To hold de reins of state as *Monsieur* Pitt,
Anoder *Maid* of ARC, he'll conquer by his vit.
De old *police* is changing,
Vos fierce *dragons* are ranging,
* At de *Voolwich* review,
See how dey pursue, And

* Perhaps some of our readers may have forgot, and therefore we repeat it in this annotation, that at the last review held at this place, several of the daring and despe ate subjects of

And scoure all de *peuple* dat linger;
Yet *un homme* might vid us,
Lose his head vid less fuss,
Dan an *Englishman* part vid his finger.
But *Pitt* and true *perseverance*
Vill soon destroy dis *insolence*,
And men at lengt shall sacred hold de vord,
And reverence de name of *Georg de Terd*.

VII.

Mon cher d'ELPINI, sure you must agree,
Dat none for *Laureat* so fit as he
Who give de King such very good *avis*.
But vid de Sack should you attempt to juggle,
Begar I'll try *comme ma fammille* to smuggle.

RECOMMENDATORY TESTIMONIES.

In favour of several of the late signified Candidates for the Laureatship.

According to the old and laudable usage of editors, we shall now present our readers with judgments of the learned concerning our *Laureate Poets*.—These testimonies, if they proceed from critical pens, cannot fail to have due influence on all impartial observers—They *pass* an author from one end of the kingdom to the other, as rapidly as the pauper certificates of magistracy.—Indeed, it were much to be wished, that as we have no state licenser of poetry, it might at least be made penal to put forth ryhmes without previously producing a certain number of sureties for their goodness and utility; which precaution, if assisted with a few other regulations, such as requiring all practitioners in verse to take out a licence, in the manner of many other dealers in spirits, &c. could not fail to introduce good order among this class of authors, and also to bring in a handsome sum towards the aid of the public revenue.—Happy indeed will be those bards who are supplied with as reputable vouchers as those which are here subjoined.

Testimony of the great parts of CONSTANTINE, LORD MULGRAVE, and his Brethren.

MR BOSWELL.

AMONG those who will vote for continuing the old established number of our Session Judges, may I not count on the tribe of *Phipps?*—they love good places, and I know *Mulgrave* is a poet as well as myself, for I dined in company once where he dined that very day twelvemonth.—My excellent wife, who is a true Montgomery, and whom I like now as well as I did 20 years ago, adores the man who felt for the maternal pangs of a whelpless bear.—For my own part, however, there is no action I more constantly ridicule than his Lordship's preposterous pity for those very sufferings which he himself occasioned, by ordering his sailors to shoot the young bear.—But though I laugh at *him*, how handsome will it be if *he* votes against Dundas to oblige *me?*—My disliking him and his family is no reason for his disliking me—on the contrary, if he opposes us, is it not probable that that great man, whom I sincerely adore, may say, in his own lofty language, "Mulgrave, Mulgrave, don't vex the Scotch—don't provoke 'em: G— damn your ugly head—if we don't crouch to Bute, we shall all be turned out; G— damn you for a stupid boar, I know we shall?"—Pardon me, great Sir, for presuming to forge the omnipotent bolts of your incomparable thunder.

Appendix to Mr BOSWELL'S *Pamphlet on the Scotch Judges.*

Testimony of the great powers for Poesy innate in MICHAEL ANGELO TAYLOR, Esq.

DR BURNEY.

I SHALL myself compose Mr Taylor's Ode—His merit I admire—his origin I have traced—He is descended from Mr John Taylor, the famous Water-Poet, who, with good-natured talents, never proceeded farther in education than his accidence.—John Taylor was born in Gloucestershire—I find that he was bound apprentice to a Waterman—but in process of time kept a publichouse in Phœnix alley, Long-Acre *——Read John's modest recital of his humble culture———

"I must confess I do want eloquence,
And never scarce did learn my accidence;
For having got from *Possum* to *Posset*,
I there was gravell'd, nor could further get."

John

of this licentious empire were indecent enough to indicate a rude disposition to approach within one quarter of a mile of their gracious Sovereign.—We have the pleasure, however, to inform them, that the insolence was punished as it ought, by many of these unconstitutional intruders receiving severe cuts and blows upon the head from the loyal corps of attendant soldiers; and others by a gentle tap from the dragoons, leaving their fingers behind them, as the signs manual of their audacious curiosity.

* This anecdote was majestically inserted in my manuscript copy of Handel's Commemoration, by that Great Personage to whose judgment I submitted it. I take every occasion of showing the insertion as a good puff.—I wish, however, the same hand had subscribed for the book. I did not publish any of said alterations in that work, reserving some of them for my edition of *The Tayloria*.

John wrote fourscore books, but died in 1654.—Here you have John's epitaph——

"Here lies the Water-Poet, honest John,
Who rowed on the streams of Helicon;
Where, having many rocks and dangers past,
He at the haven of heav'n arriv'd at last."

There is a print of John holding an oar in one hand and an empty purse in the other:—Motto— *Et habeo*, meaning the oar—*Et careo*—meaning the cash.—Is it too bold a venture to predict a close analogy 'twixt *John* and *Michael*—Sure am I,

If Michael goeth on, as Michael hath begun,
Michael will be equal to famous Taylor John.

I shall publish both the Taylors works, with the score of Michael's Ode, some short time hence, in as thin a quarto as my Handel's Commemoration, price one guinea in boards, with a view of John's house in Phoenix alley, and Sir Robert's carriage as Sheriff of London and Middlesex.

MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

The following instance of heroic love is related in a letter dated Paris, July 29.

THE act indeed in the spirit of true Christianism we must blame; yet it springs from the principles of perhaps unexampled generosity, and would in times of heathen ignorance have been deemed worthy of a monumental inscription. One of the Parisian courtesans, whose name was Paulina, had inspired a young gentleman of some rank, an officer in the army, with so much love, that his parents, fearing lest he should disgrace his family by a disproportionate alliance, solicited and obtained leave to have him shut up. The unfortunate girl no sooner heard of the young soldier's confinement, which she apprehended would last as long as his friends apprehensions should subsist, than she resolved to remove the principal obstacle to his liberty, by making away with herself. Accordingly one evening, with the utmost composure and resolution, she swallowed a wine-glass full of aquafortis, which put an end to her existence in less than a quarter of an hour. The following letter she intrusted to a friend, charging her not to deliver it to the father of the young gentleman till her corpse had been laid in the grave:

"Sir,

"Your son did love me—I felt for him a mutual inclination——you feared lest this growing passion should end in his disgrace, and this motive you have deemed sufficient to justify your acting in a more barbarous manner than is perhaps consonant with the character of a parent. I should look upon myself as more cruel than you, were I not to give that beloved man a convincing proof that his happiness has constantly been the sole object of the woman he loved. His confinement must be at an end as soon as you learn that I no longer exist. These are the last lines my hand shall ever trace; and my friend is directed to present them to you with an authentic certificate of my death. You have hast[ened] that period, but I abstain from reproach[es]. Read this with as much coolness and unconcern as I feel at writing it. Restore your son to freedom; do it generously, and forbear embittering the gift by acquainting him at what price I have purchased it—the fatal tale will reach him but too soon; he will then know how I have punished myself for an attachment which was to endure to this the last day of the unfortunate—PAULINA."

Alcala, June 9. The Marquis and Marchioness of Montalegro, accompanied by several of the nobility, arrived the 3d instant at the Bishop's palace here, with their children Don Diego Isedore and Donna Maria Isadore Quintinie. The purpose of their visit was to admit that young lady, aged 17 years, to the degrees of Master and Doctor in Philosophy and the Belles Lettres. The University was authorised to confer these dignities on her by an order of the King's, bearing date the 20th of April. The fourth and fifth were passed in philosophical exercises.—The learned members of the University present were astonished at the extensive knowledge and eloquence of the illustrious candidate, in the Greek, Latin, French, Italian, and Spanish languages. On the morning of the sixth, the day appointed for her admission to these degrees, the doctors and professors of the University, to the amount of 158, assembled at the palace, and ranged themselves in order to accompany her to the Theatre. The procession was opened by a party of horse and foot, with the band belonging to the Marquis's household. They were followed by a superb standard, on which were richly embroidered the arms of the family, with a Doctor's bonnet, azure and argent, in place of the crest, supported by two genii, with the hieroglyphics of Minerva, on the other side the cypher of Guzman and la Cerda. Next came the university, preceded by their Chancellor; the Univer-

niversity Examiner and the candidate walked between the ranks. The procession was closed by the family-carriage.

The company having taken their places, the ceremony commenced with a discourse delivered by a Doctor, Counsellor of the University; after which the candidate took the oaths kneeling, and m[illegible]de her confession of faith with exemplary piety. When the Chancellor placed the Doctor's bonnet on her head, a general shout en[illegible]ted, and the multitude expressed their satisfaction by repeated acclamations. The Chancellor then proposed to the young Gradu[illegible]e the question of the fourth Council of Carthage.—*Utrum fœmina, quamvis sancta et docta, [illegible]capax docendi literas tum sacras tum proph[illegible]as in publicis Academiis?* who mou[illegible]d th[illegible] rostrum and maintained the affirmative [illegible] of the question with much ingenuity and address, and finished by returning thanks to the University. At night there were illuminations, a concert and supper, at which 70[illegible] persons were present.

A young Frenchman, who had the promise of the first vacant place from a person high in office, finding his protector rather slow in the execution, succeeded beyond his most sanguine expectations by the following manœuvre: He drew up a petition, and had the good fortune to deliver it the same day. The person in office *deigned* to read it; and finding both the diction and the writing elegant, he asked the young man who was the author of it—"I am, Sir (replied the latter with a submissive bow) and thinking that you might perhaps prefer poetry to prose, I have put the petition into verse." At these words the patron's brow began to clear up:—"Let me see them," said he; and after having perused them, he testified his approbation in the warmest terms, and assured the candidate for his favour, that he should not think the versification unworthy of *his own* pen! The young man then told him that he had also set the verses to music: —"That is so singular (exclaimed the person in office) that I must see it." "I shall go still farther (continued the young man), if you order me a violin I shall play it." The proposal was accepted, and the performance pronounced excellent. "That is not all, Sir, (said the young Frenchman), if you give yourself the trouble of taking the violin (for I know you are a great musician) I shall also dance the petition." That appeared so strange to the patron, that he played the petition whilst the other danced it; all which so charmed him, that he immediately made the young man his private secretary.

Extract of a Letter from Brussels, July 4.

This city is at present a diversified scene of amusement and volatility. The number of foreigners of all ranks drawn hither by the approaching sale of the treasures found in the religious houses after their suppression by his Imperial Majesty, makes Brussels nearly as gay as Paris, and certainly more so than London, the amusements of which appear insipid to those who have visited the Continent. The Emperor has given an unequivocal proof of his consummate policy in abolishing the convents of both sexes; they were nothing more than seminaries for idleness and hypocrisy, and contained immense riches under the appearance of poverty. The pictures taken out of the different conventical churches, though not very many, being only 270 in number, must certainly go off well, as amongst them there are many *chef d'œuvres* of Rubens, Vandyke, Crayer, Jordans, Van Oost, Eyckens, Van Thulden, Seghers, Janssens, Minderhout, and other well known masters of the Flemish school. The sale is to begin the 12th of next September, and to continue without interruption till the whole be sold. There are also two inimitable statues of white marble, representing the Virgin and St John, which are attributed by tradition to Jerome du Quesnoy. There are likewise no less than 5689 diamonds weighing 482 carats, 236 rubies, 26 sapphires, 61 emeralds, 22 hyacinths, 31 amethysts, 84 granates, 20,074 precious pearls, with innumerable other articles, which must prove to his Imperial Majesty a source of immense wealth."

The Emperor is certainly the most liberal minded monarch in Europe, and will no doubt in a few years introduce liberality of sentiment in his dominions, in place of the darkness of superstition. What better proof could he have given than in the *sale* of the *Saints* belonging to the suppressed monasteries? "What impiety," says the bigotted Catholic, "to make merchandise of *Saints* and *Martyrs*, and even exchange *Blessed Virgins* for filthy lucre!

By private Letter from Beford, in Alsatia, dated July 10. we are informed of the following traits of female heroism and presence of mind: Two dragoons of the regiment quartered there having deserted a few days ago with their arms and horses, their intent was to get to Basil, in Swizerland, where they would be out of danger of being taken. Being destitute of money, they resolved to go to the first gentleman's house they should see off the high road; and soon perceiving the *Chateau* of Mr Muller, they immediately galloped up to it. The halldoor being open, they with the greatest unconcern walked up stairs and opened the first door they came to, which proved to be the

bed-

bed-chamber of the young lady of the house, who was not a little surprised at seeing two men enter her apartment, particularly as they were dressed in regimentals, and seemed to announce what they really were. One of the dragoons asked the young lady if her father was at home; she answered in the negative, and told him that she did not expect him home before night. The dragoon then informed her of the motive of his visit, and insisted on having at least 50 louis d'ors for himself and his companion.—Miss Muller said that she had no money, for that her father, since her mother's death, always took the keys of the desk with him when he went abroad; the dragoon, to intimidate her, drew out a pistol, and swore he would lodge the contents in her body if she did not instantly acquiesce. On this the other dragoon, who had as yet said nothing, advanced towards the table at which the young lady was sitting, drew out a pistol, and laid it down near her, and swore that if his comrade's pistol missed her, his would not. Miss Muller now got up, as if she was going to get the money; but stopping short, seized the pistol which had been imprudently laid on the table, fired at the dragoon who had the other loaded pistol in his hand, and as he fell ran up to him, wrenched his pistol from him, and presented it to the unarmed dragoon; telling him not to make the least motion, or she was determined to treat him as she had done his comrade. The explosion of the pistol soon brought up all the servants, who did not expect to find their young mistress in such company.—The dragoon expired in a few moments, and the surviving one was the same day conducted by the Marechaussee to his regiment, where he now lies under sentence of death!

The reigning Duke of Wirtemberg, whose change of life is as remarkable as his dissipations formerly were reproachful, has had the following epitaph upon himself engraved near the grave intended for him in his hermitage of Hohenheim.

F R I E N D,

I have enjoyed life, and have known all its enjoyments. Their charms had seduced me. I suffered myself to be carried away like a torrent. O God, what an opening, when the bandage fell at length from my eyes! Days and years had gone by, and what was right and good had never once been thought of. Falsehood and hypocrisy deified the basest actions, and the veil which hid truth from me was a black mist, which the blessing-dispersing sun cannot dispel. What remains of me now? Alas! FRIEND, this stone covers my grave. It also covers what is past. Great God! watch upon what is to come.

From the New-York Gazette.

The following anecdote, which was related by a gentleman who was himself a witness to the truth of the fact, is so remarkable an instance of an heroic and unshaken sense of friendship, among persons of a class that we have accustomed ourselves to consider, and indeed (often to the infinite disgrace of humanity) to treat, as barbarians, that I could not dispense with communicating it to the public:—

At a late public sale of negro slaves at Santa Cruz, among the great numbers that Christian avarice had been either the immediate or secondary means of placing on a level with the cattle daily brought to our markets, were two, each of them apparently about the age of 30, whose deportment seemed superior to the rest.—What their rank had really been, they with a sullen dignity seemed resolved to conceal from every one. Yet mingled with a haughty manner to all besides, there appeared in every look and action the tenderest affection and heart-felt attachment to each other.—When the captain of the vessel which had brought them hither entered on the necessary business of distributing his marketable goods into the proper lots for sale, both of them in the most submissive manner, and with an earnestness that spoke more than common feelings, clung round his knees, and hung about his garment, intreating him only to favour them so far as to permit them both to be appointed to the same lot, by which means they might serve one master, and at least enjoy the trifling satisfaction of being companions even in slavery.—But even this poor request itself, either through the brutality of their salesman, or from apprehensions of their combining in some mutinous design, was denied them.

Yet earnest as they seemed in their desire, the refusal was received with manly resignation by them; and when upon the point of being delivered to their respective masters, they only begged the leave of a few words with one another, permitted out of hearing, though not of sight of those who were to serve. This was allowed them; when after a few minutes conversation, and a close embrace, they parted, and were sent to their respective stations.—Seven days after the transaction, they both (as it afterwards appeared) were missing at the same hour; nor were they, though the strictest search was made after them, to be found, till about a week's distance, a planter riding through a thicket which lay in the midway between the two plantations they had been destined to, saw, to his great surprise, two bodies hanging on one tree, locked fast, and folded in each others arms, embracing and embraced; which, on inquiry made, proved to be the faithful, yet desperate friends.